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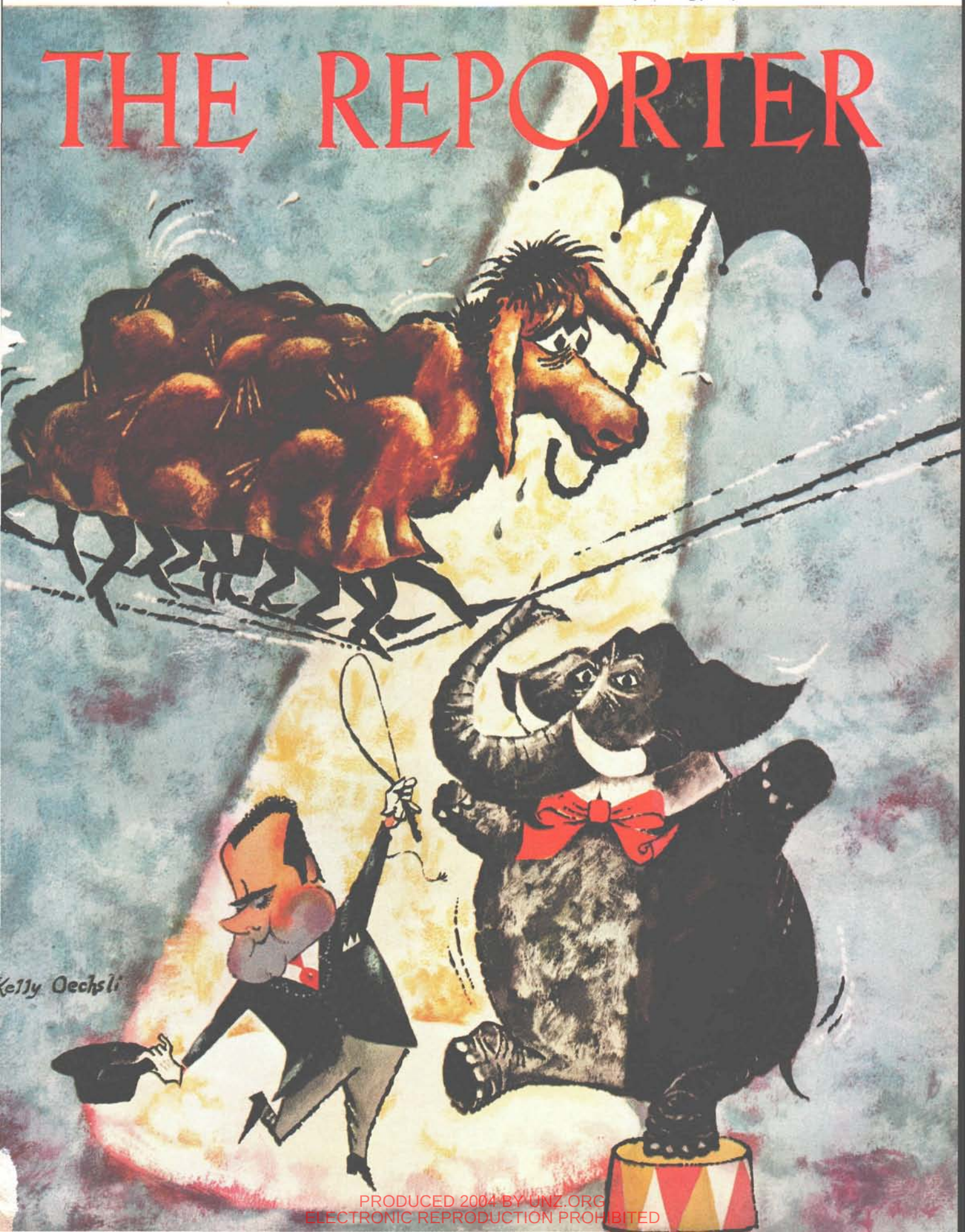

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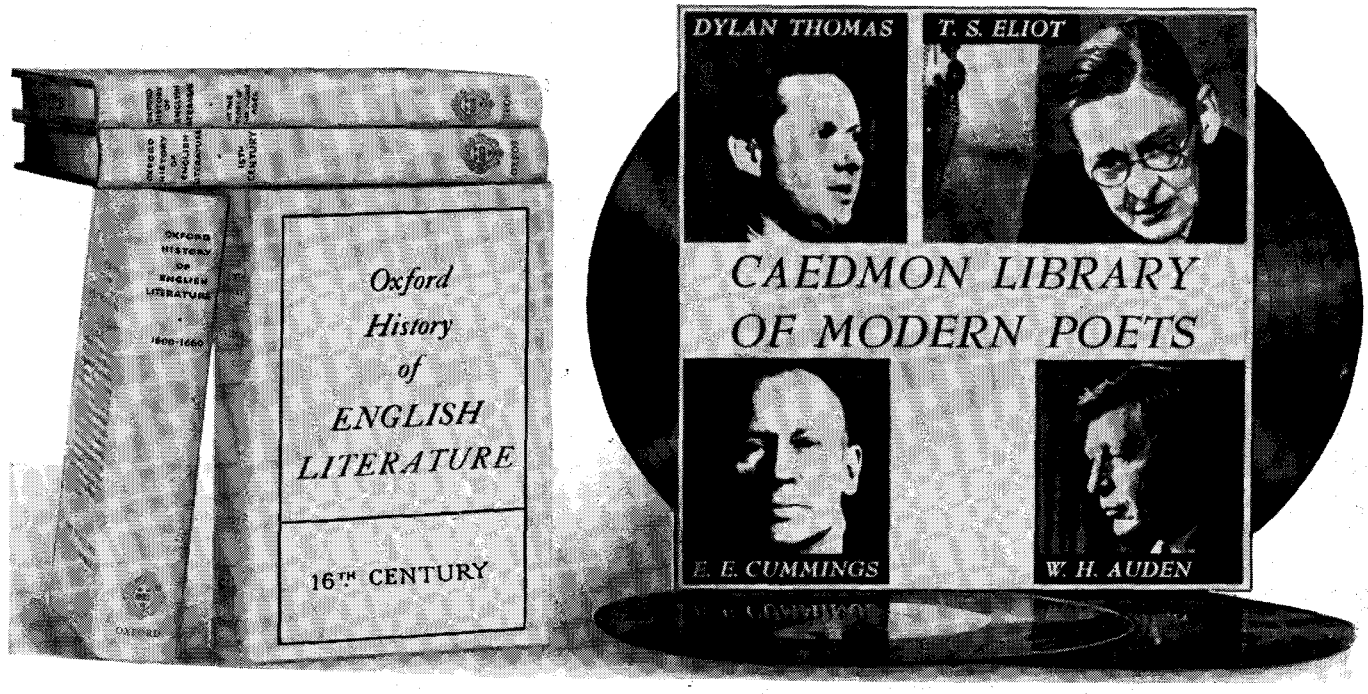

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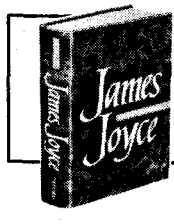

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Hat Trick

A man's hat, by and large, used to be either in the ring or on his head. Oh, as the conventions approached you'd sometimes see a politician fiddling nervously with the brim of his Homburg or even snatching it off to make sure his initials were stamped in the lining, but well-brought-up people pretended not to notice. It was assumed in those days that politicians, like unmarried ladies, were what they said they were (even if they weren't). Thanks to Kinsey and Sam Lubell, we've managed to do away with all that hypocrisy, and—who knows? Perhaps we're better off.

At any rate, the new styles in political headgear are nothing short of astonishing. It is the age of the self-propelled beanie, and instead of checking his derby decently in the lobby when he goes to a Communion breakfast or a dinner in honor of Mrs. Roosevelt, a politician may sort of toss his hat in the air as if merely to say "Hurrah for all of us!" and then walk away smiling and shaking hands while the hat hovers mysteriously above the crowd. Even Senator Kennedy, who never seemed to be very fond of hats, permitted his to orbit about gathering meteorological information for several months before the final-stage rocket dropped it on target in the ring. Senator Humphrey isn't worried about the weather anyway, and so, as you might expect, *all* his hats are in the ring.

But a number of other millinery missiles are still circling around sending back carefully coded messages. You may of course feel that politicians have always talked through their hats, but the following statements are set down with the hope that future historians may be able to detect a meaning in them that is now somewhat obscure. Lyndon Johnson: "I am not a candidate and I do not intend to be. I do not say that I would not serve my country if the convention should do the unusual and select someone who isn't a candidate." Stuart Symington: "I certainly would like to be President in 1960. I think anybody in politics would like to be President in 1960." Adlai Stevenson: "I hope I shall always do my duty to my party and my country."

There are a number of other interesting statements in the files, mostly from governors who just want to do the best job they can as governors, but unfortunately the technician on duty didn't catch the orator's name when he was recording one of the best of the lot: "I'll be damned if I'm going to do all that work and spend all that money if I don't think I've got a chance. Of course, if it looks as if I've got a chance later on when some of the other boys get winded, why then I can assure you that the American people will see one of the most dynamic campaigns that has ever . . ." At this point the satellite chapeau moved out of range.

As this last statesman has indicated, the flying beanie is an ideal instrument for the candidate who cares very deeply about the issues confronting the nation but decides to wait until 1964. "I never said I was a candidate," he remarks, easy as plunking down a quarter at the checkroom. "And furthermore I'm not one any more." Then off he goes whistling, just like that. Why, Governor Rockefeller's hat was air-borne for nearly a year, and when he got it back it wasn't even dusty.

'Protection'

The angry sermons Premier Khrushchev has recently delivered in India and Indonesia against colonialism were even less original than he may realize. A century ago, Count Nikolai Muraviev, governor general of Eastern Siberia in the service of Tsars Nicholas I and Alexander II, gave the Chinese a similar piece of fraternal advice. The way to prevent the British and French imperialists from grabbing Chinese territory, he said, was to let the Russians take it over.

To Chinese envoys he protested: "Do not believe, gentlemen, that Russia is greedy for expansion on her frontiers. All Russia cares for is the security of her boundaries." To his own government, however, he wrote: "The pretext in our talks with the Chinese will be the same as before, namely, not to let the English and the French seize any port be-

THE PAAR AND THE GLORY

A nation is deprived; all purpose fled,
All pleasure drained from that eleventh hour,
Now that the one alternative to bed
Has chosen briefly to defy the power
Of public need: a cavity so deep
That only this uncertain man can matter
To people hanging between sense and sleep
Because he has a certain kind of chatter.
But though bereft, we still must recognize
His greater need: a figure so inflated
By those who made him, far beyond his size,
Suffers the pain of all the dislocated.
So let him seek his measure, while we muse
On what in us makes this man front-page news.

—SEC

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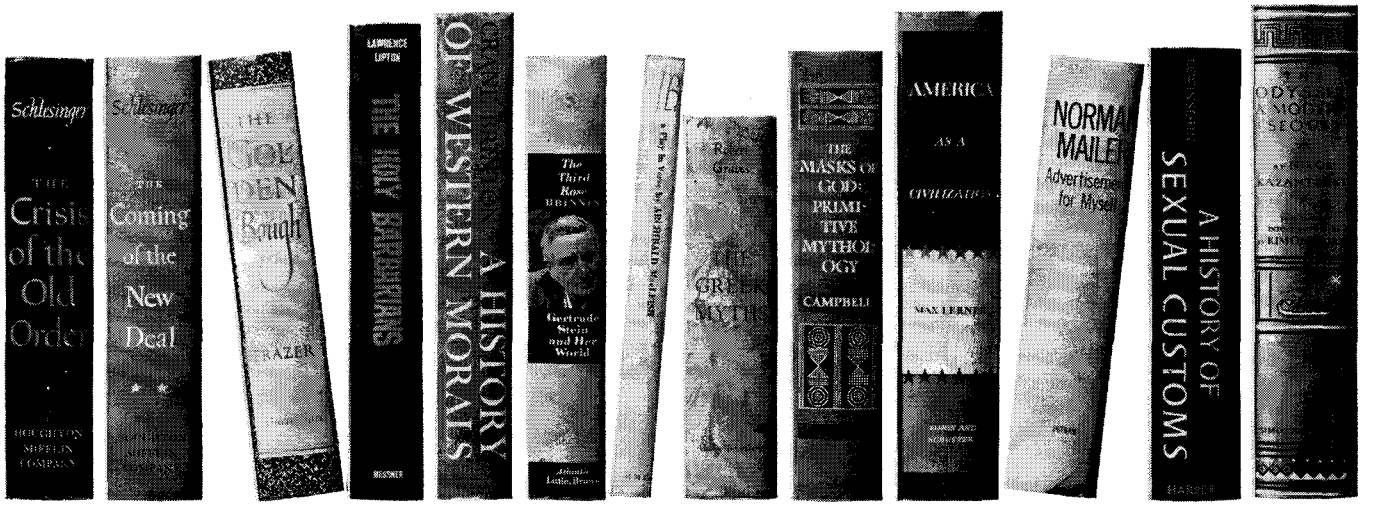

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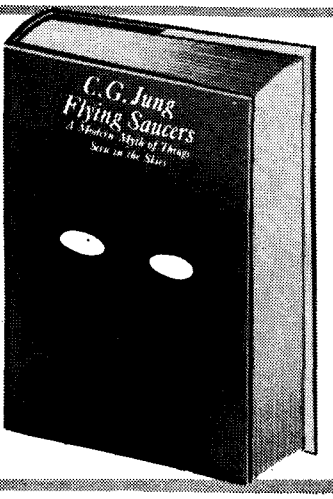

tween Korea and our possessions; it is therefore better that the whole shore, down to Korea, belong to us."

By 1860, Russia had appropriated some 400,000 square miles from the crumbling Chinese Empire. The Russian Empire's expansion in Europe in the nineteenth century was even greater. The Bolsheviks never tired of denouncing the infamy of Tsarist imperialism; they spoke constantly of "self-determination" and even the right of secession; but after they came into power in 1917, they held on grimly to as much of the Tsarist Empire as they could. They've also done pretty well in their own right. All told, the territorial acquisitions of the Soviet Union since 1939 —notably in eastern Poland and along the Baltic—have totaled 264,000 square miles. This figure does not include the Soviet Zone of Germany or the six Soviet satellite states in Eastern Europe, which would add another 400,000 square miles.

And how do the Soviet "anti-imperialists" explain their behavior? The same way the old Tsarist diplomats did. Stalin and Molotov justified the seizure of eastern Poland and the Baltic States on the ground that it was necessary to prevent Hitler from doing the same thing. Hitler has been dead for almost fifteen years, but the map of Eastern Europe remains the same. Count Muraviev would have understood.

The United States has contributed more than $2 billion to India in government assistance, most of it for food. Khrushchev now warns the Indians that this aid was a "weapon of a new colonial policy." And, in the spirit of Count Muraviev, he put in his own bid: "If aid is to be rendered, we will render it ourselves."

One could almost hear the Soviet premier report to the Presidium in the words of long ago: "The pretext in our talks with the Indians will be the same as before . . ."

Lyndon's Promise

Once again the Senate has moved into that tempestuous area of legislating known as civil rights, automatically signaling a perceptible slowing down in the already dignified pace with which the senators conduct their business. Explanations

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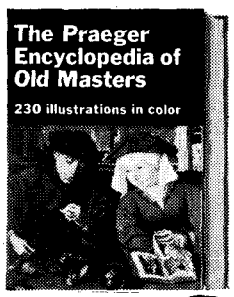

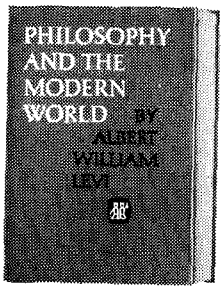

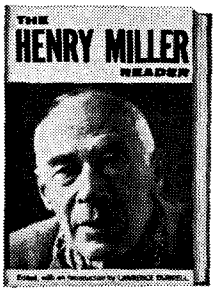

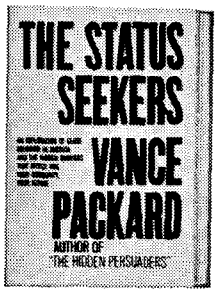

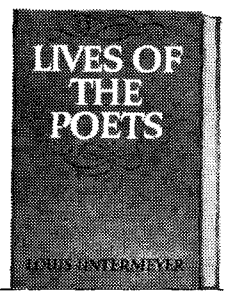

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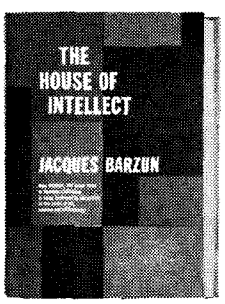

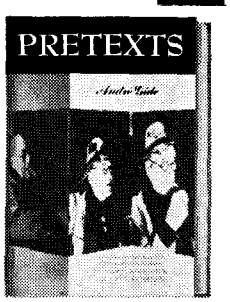

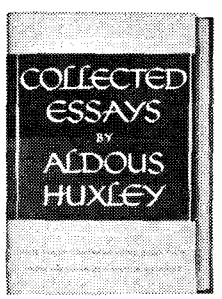

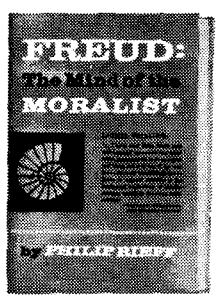

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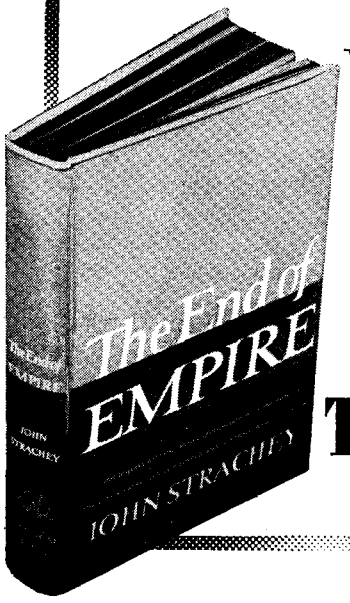

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are more verbose, the gallant give and take of the colloquies a bit more fulsome. Since it is going to take a long time anyway, why should anyone be hurried? The dividing line marking where debate shifts into full-fledged filibuster is sometimes difficult to distinguish.

But this time there is a difference. It used to be that the storm warnings run up at civil-rights time simply indicated an approaching windstorm and nothing else. Cots were brought into the Senate cloakrooms. There were fantastic feats of oratory. But no legislation ever resulted. As the same performance was repeated year after year, it took on the nature of a ritual; people and politicians grew cynical.

There are reasons why this has changed. Undoubtedly the senators feel that there have been changes in that mysterious force known as public opinion. But one cannot overlook the unique role of Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson.

Johnson had promised last September that the Senate would take up civil-rights legislation on February 15. He was true to his word. Confronted on that date with no bill reported out of committee and nothing on its way over from the House of Representatives, he simply seized on a bill at random and suggested that a civil-rights measure be attached to it as a series of amendments. He swiftly fought down two counterattacks, one by the Southerners who sought to stall the debate, the other by Senator Wayne Morse, who took issue on purely procedural grounds. Almost before anyone realized it, the way was cleared for the Senate to move ahead on the substance of the civil-rights proposals. There is a long and tricky fight ahead. But it is a far cry from the time when weeks of controversy were wasted simply getting ready to debate.

Watching the virtuoso performance of this high-strung, self-confident Texan who appears at times to have almost hypnotic power to work his way with his colleagues in the Senate, one cannot help wondering how well such qualities of leadership would transfer to the White House—a curiosity the estimable majority leader is not at all loath to cultivate.

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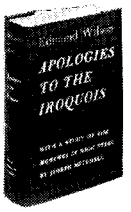
$1 

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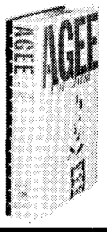

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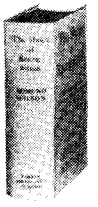

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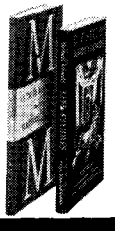
Both for $1 

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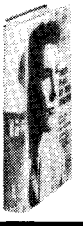
$1 

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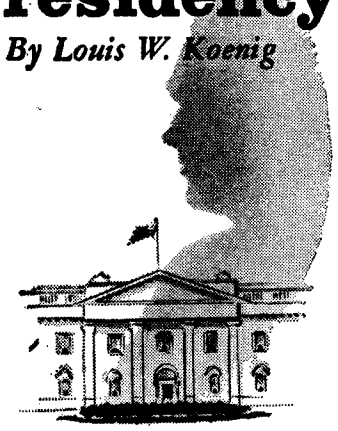

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These Things Were Said

¶ In the political context, Scotty Reston [James Reston, New York *Times* Washington correspondent] is not so easily classified as such doctrinaire liberals as Columnist Marquis Childs or radio-TV's Eric Sevareid . . . Reston's managing editor, 58-year-old Turner Catledge, says of him: "I would think he is somewhat on the liberal side, but he's still young."—*Time.*

¶ A Soviet scientist suggested today Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by a nuclear explosion set off by visitors from outer space. M. Agrest, physicomathematician, advanced the theory in the Literary Gazette rather than a scientific journal . . . . "In modern language," he said, "this legend says that the people were advised to leave the area of the future explosion, not to linger in the open and not to watch the blast. Those of the fugitives who looked back lost their sight and perished."—*Report from the Associated Press.*

¶ Another foolish remark often heard is that Americans have a right to know what's going on. Most people realize the foolhardiness of such a suggestion.—*Air Reserve Center Training Manual for Reserve Noncommissioned Officers, recently withdrawn from use.*

¶ Indeed, there have even been suggestions that a kind of contact between earth and spacemen has already been made. . . . Cal Tech's Albert Hibbs, for one, is sure we shouldn't answer: "How do humans throughout history approach other humans of a strange culture? They fight them. The risks of a reply are just terrible. To them, we may be the finest beef animals ever."—*Newsweek.*

¶ Despite the Bronx cheers which greeted the proposal last year, Gov. Rockefeller is in again with an elaborate plan to compel New Yorkers, by July 1, 1963, to equip all homes and commercial and public buildings with fallout shelters. . . . Has it occurred to His Excellency that if there is a prospect of the jails filling up with fatalists who refuse to build the shelters, the reaction against him and his fellow Republicans will be appalling?—*Editorial in the New York Daily News.*

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WASHINGTON EXILES

To the Editor: As usual, Alan Barth ("Exiles in the Capital," *The Reporter*, February 4) did a first-rate job and gets to the heart of the matter. You probably know that I have been a long-time supporter of voting for the citizens of the nation's capital and I shall continue to push for adoption of this legislation. It is long overdue.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY
U.S. Senate

TROUBLED WATERS

To the Editor: We in Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) have had a large investment for many years in Imperial Oil Limited, which has been a leader in developing Canada's oil resources and in supplying the Canadian people with petroleum products. We therefore were particularly interested in the article on Canada's petroleum industry in your January 7 issue ("A Gentle Threat to Seven Giants," by William H. Hessler) and were deeply disturbed by the implication running through the article that our policies run counter to the interests of Canada and its citizens.

As the author notes, the Jersey Company has played an important part in developing oil resources all around the world. We are currently doing business in well over one hundred countries. Clearly, we could not continue to operate in so many countries and expand our operations into new areas without the acceptance and support of the many governments involved. Maintenance of good relationships with governments requires, among other things, that our actions be based on long-term considerations and not simply on prospects for short-term gain. I can assure you that our views and actions are not based on the sort of reasoning mentioned in that part of the article which implies a desire to draw oil heavily from "high risk" areas now and shut in "safe" oil elsewhere for later use.

The article points out that the Canadian market is supplied both by Canadian oil and oil from international sources. And the argument continues that the market for Canadian oil is being severely restricted as a result of the policies and narrow self-interest of international oil companies. The fact, on the contrary, is that since our affiliate made the first major oil discovery in Alberta in 1947, Canadian oil has increasingly displaced oil from other sources in the Canadian market. In 1948 Canadian sources supplied eleven per cent of the market; last year they supplied over fifty per cent.

The question of the right policy at this stage is largely one of timing. We in the Jersey Company share the view of Imperial Oil's management that conditions at present do not warrant the construction of a pipeline eastward to

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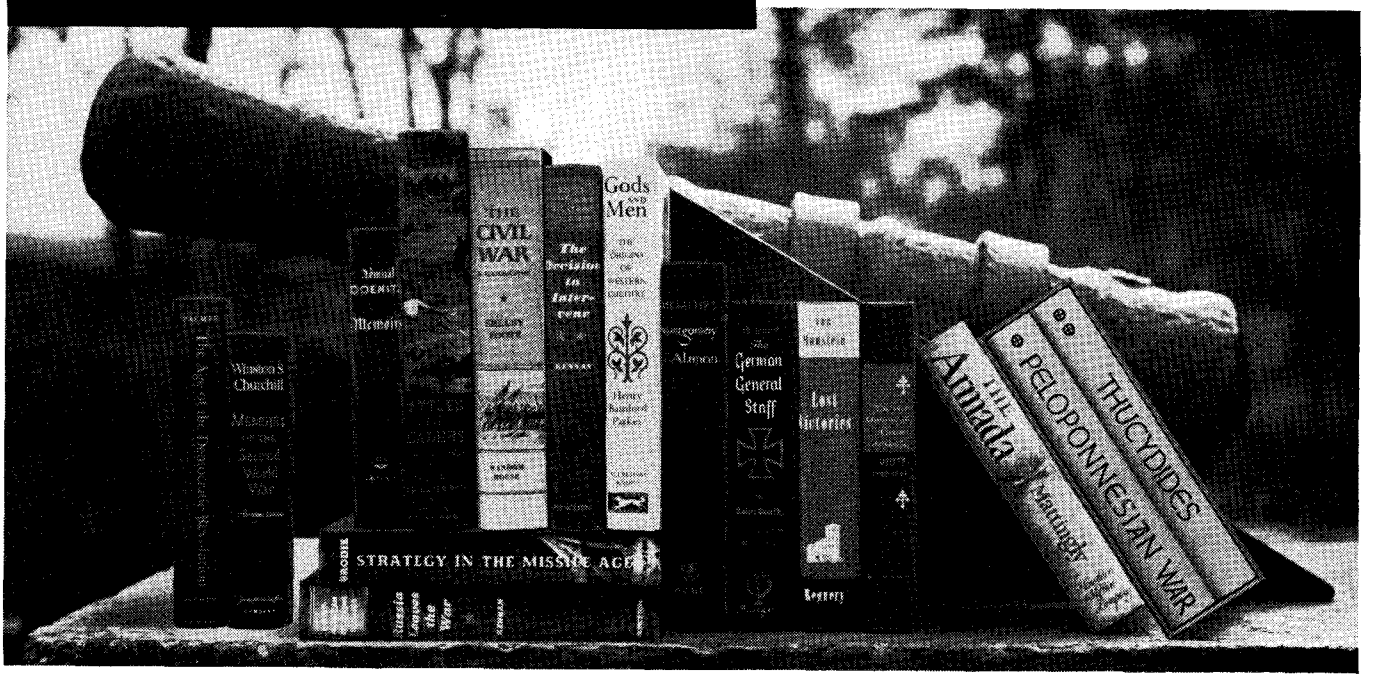

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Montreal. Mr. Hessler, in fact, admits that oil from the western provinces could at the present time displace other supplies in the eastern markets only at the cost of import restrictions, with consequent higher prices to the consumer. It would seem hardly logical for him to criticize United States import restrictions and advocate a similar policy for Canada.

What is the real issue? Surely it is whether the economic development of Canada is being retarded or encouraged by low-cost energy obtained from international sources. As is pointed out in the article, restrictive policies would increase the cost of oil. Would such policies be conducive to Canadian growth and progress? We think that so far the oil industry has done a good job in providing Canada with its energy needs at low cost. In part these supplies have come from abroad but more and more, as it becomes economically feasible, we believe they will come from the internal resources of Canada.

M. J. RATHBONE, *President*
Standard Oil of New Jersey
New York

To the Editor: In my opinion, Mr. Hessler's article is an excellent portrayal of the situation pertaining to Canada's oil dilemma in that Canada is more than self-sufficient in potential oil-product capacity, yet imports forty-five per cent of its petroleum requirements. The Borden Report issued last summer is definitely a warning to the international oil companies to market more Canadian crude or very definite steps will be taken to force the use of more Canadian crude through various means by governmental action. However, opportunity is given during the year 1960 to accomplish a certain objective, so that by the end of the year an additional market for 200,000 barrels per day of Canadian crude may be provided.

Most of the oil companies, and I am inclined to agree, feel that this is too high a goal to be accomplished in such a short time. Nevertheless, by the end of the year, I am confident that a good start will have been made toward this objective which will be sufficiently significant to allay any government action in the immediate future.

Cities Service recently built its first refinery in Canada, located in Ontario between Toronto and Hamilton. One of the prime reasons for locating this refinery in this area, which was definitely designed to use Canadian crude via the Interprovincial Pipeline, was the fact we anticipated somewhat the findings of the Borden Commission and voluntarily decided to give preference to Canadian crude so as to tie in as closely as possible with the objectives of the Canadian economy.

I feel that your article is a very fine and accurate portrayal of the present situation.

R. J. HULL, *President*
Cities Service Oil Co. Ltd.
Toronto

PUZZLE

To the Editor: Nothing you could have added to your already excellent magazine could have made me happier. And judging by the first puzzle they're going to be just right—easy enough so I can finish it off without leaving a hole where two impossible words cross each other, but, in some spots, puzzling for a while.

MRS. GABRIEL GEIB
New Orleans

To the Editor: What are you trying to do? Afflicted as I am with the desire to follow current affairs, I spend enough hours as it is reading your magazine and some few others. Now, of all things, you add puzzles!

I wouldn't mind this development so much except for the fact that I have virtually no self-control.

EPH KONIGSBERG
Pasadena, California

To the Editor: I haven't time for this puzzle of yours, which arrived yesterday afternoon during a norther that blew our power out. It was cold and dark. My son, home from school with a fancy new virus, needed help with his homework. The power returned just in time to fix an oyster stew, which we were about to eat when a Mexican Federal officer appeared on the scene with a wife and a busted fuel pump. I talked with the wife while my husband (a ranger) got the fuel pump fixed, then I wrote a letter (in Spanish) to the officer's boss in Ojinaga, Chihuahua, about a border matter. We ate at eight.

But here's the damn puzzle. It took the Britannica, Webster, Bartlett, Roget, and the almanac. The other situations were mere gadflies. It's all right with me if you want to publish some more foolishness by these Henry Allen, because I need something to keep my mind occupied.

PHYLLIS F. BROYLES
Big Bend National Park
Texas

DREAM OF REASON

To the Editor: Many thanks to Howard Nemerov for defending human dignity ("The Dream of Reason," *The Reporter*, February 4). And Heaven save us and our descendants from mad professors.

STANISLAV Z. ZIELINSKI
Chicago

To the Editor: I suspect that at least a portion of Mr. Nemerov's vitriol stems (and with good reason) from fears that the world of science might conclude that his incapacity for logical thought constituted sufficient evidence to warrant the exclusion of his progeny from the brave new world of multiple Beethovens.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

A FEW MONTHS ago Max Ascoli suggested that the voters in the 1960 election might while away the long campaign with a new game—a "let's pretend" game of judging each Presidential candidate as if he were going to represent the nation at the next summit conference. It seems that for some time a number of diligent citizens have been measuring the candidates against the great responsibilities to which they aspire. These players of the national game of make-believe are the authors of campaign biographies, those ritual offerings that appear in every four years. Our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** has examined the current crop of these books in an effort to discover what light they throw on the qualifications of the aspirants. . . . Though Senator Kennedy now leads the field with three books about him, they are likely to do him less good at the next Democratic convention in Chicago than the kind of political field work that enabled him to pick up sixty-four sure votes in Ohio. The story of this "astonishing transaction" is told by **William H. Hessler** of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. . . . The delicate maneuverings by which other delegates may be lined up at the convention for the three principal types of candidates, Front-Runners, Willing Compromises, and Lightning-Inviters, are described in clinical detail by our contributing editor, **Robert Bendiner.** His dissection of strategies and systems, especially those employed in our man-eating primaries, is based on a chapter from his forthcoming book, *White House Fever: An Innocent's Guide to the Principles and Practices, Respectable and Otherwise, Behind the Election of American Presidents,* to be published by Harcourt, Brace in March.

THE PRESIDENT has angrily denied that he has misled anyone about our defense capabilities, and we are sure that no one would do such a thing deliberately. Nevertheless, there has certainly been a good deal of confusion during the so-called "debate" that is now going on. In this issue, former Secretary of State **Dean Acheson** gives his views on the confusing record. . . . No traveler, not even a President of the United States, could be expected to see in ten days as much as **Samuel Shapiro** saw in seven months as Fulbright Professor of American History at the University of Tucumán in Argentina and on lecture tours elsewhere in South America. Professor Shapiro now teaches at Oberlin College and also contributes to the *Economist*. . . . **Marya Mannes** takes us to Park Avenue in the third of her guided tours of New York. . . . **Willard A. Hanna's** interest in the Far East dates from 1932, when he first went to China to teach. Since then, he has served in the U.S. Foreign Service as Chief Public Affairs Officer in Manila, Jakarta, and Tokyo, and has worked for the American Universities Field Service since 1954.

NO ONE is better qualified than **Dore Schary** to comment on the reflection of American society in American movies; for many years he was one of the foremost Hollywood producers and executives, before he turned to the New York stage as author of the hit play *Sunrise at Campobello.* His article is based on a talk he gave recently to the American Educational Theater Conference in Washington. . . . **Nat Hentoff** is contributing editor of *Hi-Fi Review*. . . . **Henry Popkin,** a member of the English department at Brandeis University, is spending this academic year as a Fulbright lecturer in American literature at the Universities of Clermont-Ferrand and Lyon in France. . . . **Albert Bush-Brown** is associate professor of architectural history at M.I.T. . . . The latest work of **A. A. Berle, Jr.,** is *The Fictions of American Capitalism: Power Without Property,* published by Harcourt, Brace. . . . The distinguished author of *Three Who Made a Revolution,* **Bertram D. Wolfe,** makes his first appearance in *The Reporter*. . . . **Alfred Kazin** uses the work of one of the beatniks' high priests to analyze the movement's literary and philosophical rationale, if any.

Our cover is by **Kelly Oechsli.**

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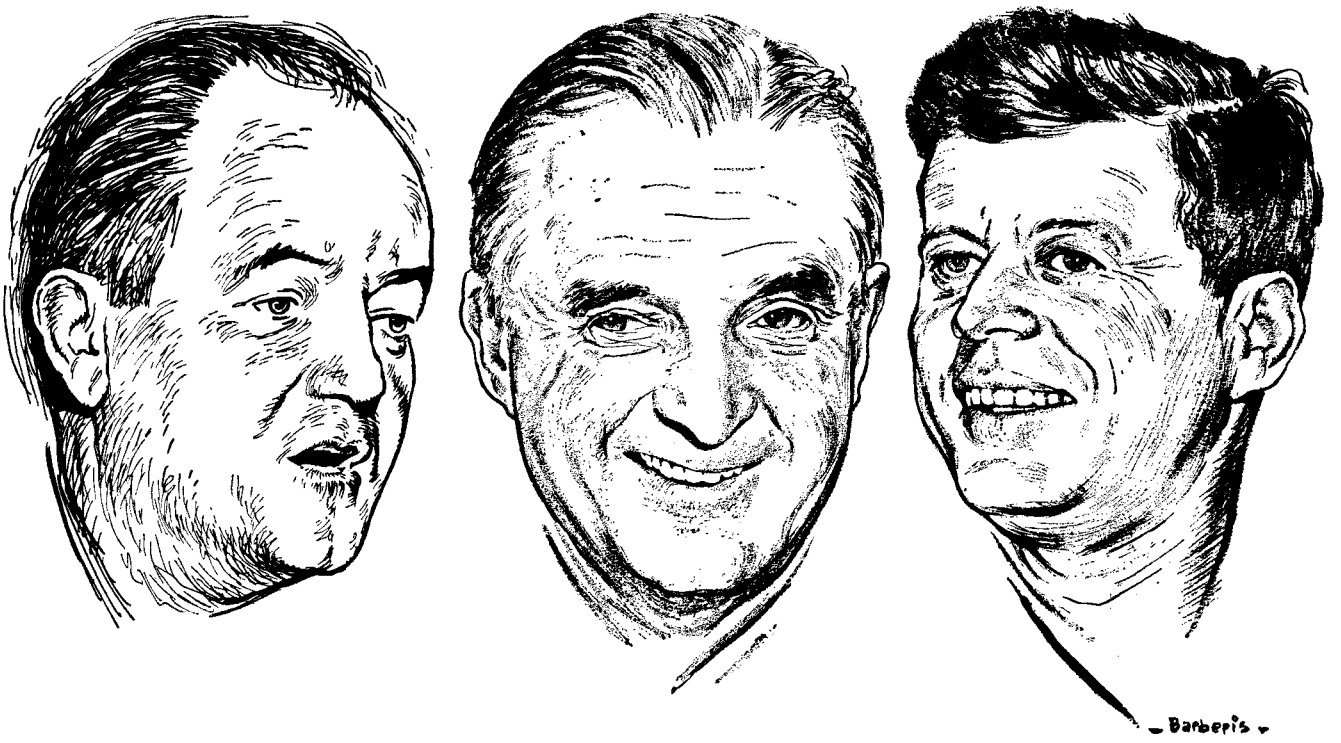

Measuring the Man for the Job

DOUGLASS CATER

SURELY the scholars of some future civilization will look back and marvel over the agonizing ritual that has become the American way of selecting a leader. Never before in history have so many devoted so much attention to measuring the few who have offered themselves for the job.

The faith persists that if only more facts can be learned about the contenders, the choice will become more clear-cut. James Reston, chief Washington correspondent of the New York *Times,* sounded the theme when he called on the press to "concentrate upon digging into the pasts of these men, not in the sense of trying to do an improper personal exposé, but in terms of trying to find out ahead of time what the qualities of these men are." And Eric Sevareid, recounting the triumphs of Harding over Cox, Coolidge over Davis, and Hoover over Al Smith (he does not mention more recent contests), concludes, "How explain these incredible choices save in the hard, unhappy fact that the people were badly informed about the personalities before them, or were bad analysts of the information they had, or both?"

It would seem that the situation is different this time. All the leading candidates have been in Washington for a dozen years or more, mainly in the open arena of Congress. They have been viewed, interviewed, and written about more than any comparable group of men since the beginning of time. Still there is dissatisfaction that not enough is known about them.

So now in the lull before the primaries comes the time of the candidate biography. Sevareid has edited a compendium, *Candidates, 1960* (Basic Books), a series of lively profiles by Washington correspondents of those expected to be in the running. At last count there were one and a half volumes devoted to Nixon (not counting Earl Mazo's last summer), three to Kennedy, and one each to Symington and G. Mennen Williams. One is in the works on Humphrey. Rockefeller, though presumably scratched, has inspired two and a half. (Stewart Alsop has treated both Nixon and Rockefeller in one volume.) Among the major aspirants only Lyndon Johnson, who was dealt with somewhat prematurely in 1956, has been neglected.

TAKEN collectively, the books reveal interesting things about the candidates. They portray a group of men who are accustomed to rigorous disciplines. None of them, for example, smokes. Most are abstemious, except for the unavoidable "social" cocktail. They are all prodigious—one might say prodigal—workers, rising before most men and carrying on till late in the evening.

They are, on the whole, solemn men, lacking lusty humor. They lack levity about themselves in particular. Governor Williams, we are told, "dislikes profanity and off-color jokes or stories, and will not tolerate boasting"—a fastidiousness that would not be possible for a senator. According

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to his biographer, Williams is remarkable in other ways too: "An intellectual, he frequently lapses into Latin phrases and sentences to explain his ideas." (*Mennen Williams of Michigan: Fighter for Progress,* by Frank McNaughton, Oceana Publications.)

Unlike the present occupant of the White House, all the contenders for his office are avid readers. Symington stacks committee reports, strategic analyses, and other tomes by his bed for the midnight hours, turning finally to history books for relaxation. Nixon and Kennedy run him close competition in bookwormery. As for Williams, "At his office, within reach of his desk, he keeps a hundred of his latest volumes, which he reads in spare moments."

The contenders have been carefully diagnosed for physical infirmities. Kennedy's spinal disorder has been rectified, his adrenal deficiency cleared up. Symington was cured of high blood pressure by a sympathectomy. Undoubtedly, Humphrey's double hernia will be investigated in Michael Amrine's forthcoming book. Nixon and Williams, apparently, have been impervious to ills of the flesh. Only Johnson, who suffered a heart attack several years ago, lacks a clean bill of health.

These men, we learn from reading, have one more thing in common: they all display a love of their profession. It is not simply a devotion to the business of "good government" —the antiseptic distinction President Eisenhower once attempted to draw —but a fierce commitment to the subtle art of politics such as Eisenhower has never felt. Each has chosen his career in preference to others that would have brought considerably more comfort and monetary reward. It is the most hopeful point to come out of the biographies.

It's How You Look at Them

But how does the diligent reader carry the measurement further? How single out the one from the few? There are obstacles in the way, for biographies, like preferential primaries, are not fair to all the candidates. The measuring rods held by some of the biographers differ quite visibly from those held by others.

Take, for example, Paul I. Wellman's *Stuart Symington: Portrait of a Man with a Mission* (Doubleday). Wellman has tried to put his hero back in another century of character study. With swift, sloppy brush strokes, he has painted the portrait of a candidate whose progression through life makes an Alger hero's career seem mundane. There are no inner conflicts, no struggles for self-mastery. Wellman's candidate emerges ever triumphant, trailing clouds of glory as he moves toward the White House.

This is a travesty on the full and interesting career of an able leader. Symington has met a number of challenges over the years and has shown considerable vision at times. As a youthful business executive in Missouri, he was farsighted in dealing with the touchy areas of labor and race relations. His role as Truman's trouble shooter was studded with successes (some of them controversial). There was need for reporting in depth on this earlier career along with the more recent one in the Senate.

It would have been helpful, too, to examine in a thoughtful fashion the various criticisms that have been made of Symington. Wellman shows little of the good reporter's eye for meaningful detail. His mawkish writing tends to diminish the image he is so busily trying to enlarge.

Kennedy, by comparison, though the youngest of the lot, has received the most mature biographical treatment. James MacGregor Burns, a professor at Williams College and an unsuccessful candidate for Congress, decided—partly inspired by Reston's appeal mentioned above—to undertake a serious study of his senator. Kennedy had the good sense to make available his files and facilities.

John Kennedy: A Political Profile (Harcourt, Brace) would deserve to be read even if this were not an election year and its subject a leading contender. Unlike many reporters, Burns has not been deterred by his intimacy of access from probing into the sensitive areas of Kennedy's background. (The senator, after reading the book, reportedly expressed some irritation that so much attention was given to his father.)

It is a searching look at a young man measured against the awesome dimensions of the office he seeks. Where there are discrepancies, Burns simply points them out and leaves it at that. He has produced an objective study, but he doesn't pretend an "artificial neutrality for appearance's sake." In the course of his study, Burns "came to feel that Senator Kennedy was of high presidential quality and promise."

'The Black Irishman'

This business of objectivity has dogged the biographers of Richard Nixon. After two earlier books, sickeningly saccharine, Earl Mazo's semi-authorized version last summer was widely hailed as the "most objective" study ever made of the Vice-President. It was a worthy effort, though its objectivity was not particularly deserving of such acclaim. Mazo, who denies any other calling than reporter, diligently assembled a good many of the relevant details of Nixon's life. He wrote from the perspective of one who was impressed by his subject and who grew the more impressed the more he wrote. His concluding chapter, which measured Nixon for the Presidency, found him a well-nigh perfect fit.

William Costello's *The Facts About Nixon: An Unauthorized Biography* (Viking) draws a different conclusion. With a good reporter's passion for detail, he also has a sense of style. Employing many of the same facts used by Mazo, he comes up with the portrait of a man he

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plainly doesn't like. Costello makes certain that the episodes of the past are not lightly brushed over in considering this man's future.

Stewart Alsop's comparative study, *Nixon and Rockefeller: A Double Portrait* (Doubleday), was conceived and executed before the New York governor threw in the towel. Alsop combines a veteran reporter's tough cynicism with a conviction that *somebody* has got to be President. He proclaims his impartiality with these words: "I admire both Nixon and Rockefeller in some ways, but I do not admire them in all ways, and I am not even sure that I shall vote for one or the other of them when given the opportunity." His portraiture of "the Black Irishman" is in a way the most unpleasant description that has been made of Nixon. Yet Alsop cannot help but admire Nixon for his "guts." He is particularly impressed, in retrospect, by the gutty way the youthful Nixon met and mastered Eisenhower during the Nixon Fund crisis of the 1952 campaign.

Alsop surely oversimplifies the case against Nixon when he declares: "Ninety-eight per cent of the [anti-Nixon] dossier consists of examples of tricky debating techniques." And again: "The case against Nixon is real, and it can be simply summarized. Until 1954, Nixon was the sort of politician who regarded winning elections as a politician's first and most important function, and who was willing to use to that end the tricky debating techniques he had learned as a boy." Surely this does not express the qualms felt by those in both parties who are less concerned about Nixon's intestines than about his integrity.

The examples Alsop cites of Nixon's "cool toughness" in time of crisis are, with the possible exception of the Hiss case, instances where Nixon was waging a battle for personal survival. But on the great issues of the day, when other public leaders have had to stand up and be counted, the record is remarkably barren or else shows considerable vacillation on Nixon's part. In his 1954 off-the-record speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, he marched American troops into Indo-China and then, a few days later, marched them out again. During the post-Sputnik reactions, the 1957-1958 recession, and the missile-gap controversy, he has leaned one way in the carefully engineered leakages to the press, then the other way in his affirmation of Eisenhower dogma.

Of course there are limits to the Vice-President's freedom of action. But it was a limitation of vision, not just a tricky debating technique, that prompted Nixon in 1954 to retort when Adlai Stevenson had voiced concern about Soviet growth, "[Stevenson's] dislike for our own economic system is his own business, but when he links such criticism with praise of the rapid

growth of the Soviet economy, he is performing a grave disservice to us and the rest of the free world." Four years later, Nixon was announcing, "The Soviet economy is growing faster than ours. . . . I have never been one to discount this strength."

The most curiously revealing insights into Nixon are contained in the memorandum of a recent interview which Alsop inserts in the appendix of his book. Nixon complains, ". . . I try to be candid with newspapermen but I can't really let my hair down with anyone." "Not even with old friends. . . ?" asks Alsop. "No, not really with anyone, not even with my family." There are some pretty hair-down remarks, nevertheless. Nixon says of his famous Checkers speech, "My concern throughout was motivated by a cold-blooded political judgment of what was best for the ticket, and that was why it was a pretty emotional talk." He summarizes his persuasive abilities in a frighteningly modest fashion: "I can sell in the mass. But asking some individual to vote my way, for example, I'm no good at that."

The Imponderables

As one who on a less ambitious scale has tried to take the measure of some of the candidates, I can feel only compassion for these biographers. It is a bit like measuring midgets for the role of circus giant. Against the magnitude of the Presidential office, how can anyone be certain who will be exalted by the challenge and who will only be inflated? How can one predict with any certainty which qualities of mind and character are the essential ones?

It is not enough, for example, to consider a man's understanding of the office as a measure of his ability to fill it. James Madison, father of the Constitution and eminently qualified in every way, collapsed under the pressures of the office. Because a candidate, with the help of his researchers, speaks knowledgeably about "strong" Presidents doesn't mean that he can be one. If capacity to describe the job is the criterion, surely a scholar like Sidney Hyman should be President in preference to the whole group.

It is extremely difficult even to be certain which impediments will stand in a man's way once he has attained the high office. Conceivably, Kennedy might be the most diligent preserver of the separation between Church and state, Johnson the most anti-oil, and Nixon the most relentless foe of the Eisenhower tradition.

What of experience as a yardstick of capacity? A great deal has been made of Nixon's growth in office. Alsop pays a muted tribute to the theory that responsibility can make someone responsible, claiming: ". . . time and experience do change a man, not in his inner nature, but rather as saline deposits change the size and shape of a barnacle exposed to the sea." Nixon's job, he argues, has provided "as good a medium of forced growth as there is, short of the

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Presidency itself." But the argument could be turned full about. Being so long the Presidential understudy may have exhausted further growth potential.

Left without absolute standards, the measurers must try to find makeshift ones. "The only rule of thumb I have been able to come up with," writes Eric Sevareid, "is the 'rule of the men and the boys' . . . The boys in politics are those individuals who want position in order to *be* something; the men are those who want position in order to *do* something." It is a good rule of thumb. Now we only have to agree on which candidates want which.

"If DEMOCRACY depends upon choice, and choice upon accuracy of data, then I suspect our country may be in a hell of a fix. For it seems that today the more we hear about our public figures the less we really know them." So writes former Michigan Justice John D. Voelker in a preface to the Mennen Williams biography.

Judge Voelker has a point, and the prospect is that the situation will get worse before it gets better. We have entered the stage of the campaign that might be called the period of the mask. Despite all their public posturing, the candidates are taking on a frozen-faced similarity as each recites his collectively composed speeches and carries out his collectively conceived maneuvers.

Measuring men for the Presidency is a form of cruel and unusual punishment, hard on candidate and citizen alike. But it is a necessary form of punishment. The hope amid the irrationalities of the selection process—the phony primary contests, the convention high jinks, and the final campaign ordeal—is that along the way the mask does get stripped off and we see the man himself. Somehow, or at least such is our democratic faith, the people have a chance to recognize who should be the object of their future allegiance.

How Kennedy Took Ohio

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

CINCINNATI

SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY got off to a fast start in his race for the Democratic Presidential nomination when, on January 5, Governor Michael V. DiSalle personally handed him Ohio's sixty-four votes six months before the convention. This astonishing transaction not only gave Kennedy his biggest boost so far; it also rescued DiSalle from an awkward dilemma.

The governor's motivation was transparently political. Indeed, there is no particular reason to think that he prefers Kennedy. He was for Adlai Stevenson in 1952 and Estes Kefauver in 1956, and he had been reported by close acquaintances to be leaning toward Stuart Symington for 1960. But the stern exigencies of politics sometimes make personal preferences and personal convictions irrelevant to the business of deciding whom to support. It was Kennedy who created Governor DiSalle's problem, and it was submission to Kennedy's bare-knuckle attack that provided the solution.

Kennedier and Kennedier

Historically, the Democrats of Ohio are not famous for their harmony. Senators Frank J. Lausche and Stephen Young have won their various victories with little or no party help. DiSalle won the governorship in 1958 the same way; but since then, as Ohio's first four-year-term governor, he has been trying to unify the party. In anticipation of the 1960 primary on May 3, DiSalle set out bravely in the summer of 1959 to rally support for a unified delegation, casting himself in the role of uncommitted favorite son. William L. Coleman, the state Democratic chairman, pitched in with a will, and by the first of the year he had lined up four-fifths of the counties. This was to be the means of keeping Kennedy out of Ohio. The strategy seemed reasonable, for most Presidential aspirants give favorite-son states a wide berth.

But Kennedy decided that he, not DiSalle, held the whip. He had national publicity, the New England bloc, and a good deal more. But he hadn't managed to crack any of the pivotal industrial states. In addition, Kennedy needed *early* strength more than his rivals did. In short, he needed a big-state triumph before the early primaries. And since he did have some strength in Ohio, as the polls confirmed, Kennedy simply insisted on coming into Ohio. He also had a secret weapon—the fervent backing of Ray T. Miller, the Democratic chairman in Cuyahoga County, which consists for the most part of the city of Cleveland.

So at the end of 1959 the Ohio governor took inventory once more. His associates feared that a Kennedy-DiSalle battle would be won by Kennedy, and DiSalle agreed. The prospect of any contest whatever was uninviting. It might lead to a split delegation. It would shatter party unity. Worse, it would leave a wide opening for Miller—a rival for party power, a hard man to get along with, and a thorn in DiSalle's side at all times. If Kennedy were to file in Ohio, he would have Miller as a natural ally.

On January 5, the governor capitulated—ignominiously, as many thought and some said, but probably wisely, as hardened political observers mostly agreed. To the amazement of almost everyone, the apostle of noncommitment announced: "I will be a candidate for favorite son committed to the candidacy of Senator John F. Kennedy." All at once, as Senator Wayne Morse said in Cleveland a few days later, Ohio didn't have a favorite son any more; it had a favorite stooge.

ACTUALLY there is a great deal to be said in favor of the partnership between Kennedy and DiSalle, in the context of American politics and its ground rules. It pleased a great many Democrats who were for Kennedy anyway. For them and for some of divided allegiance, it seemed better to have a delegation representing a reality than a fiction. Also, it seemed to be the only way of averting

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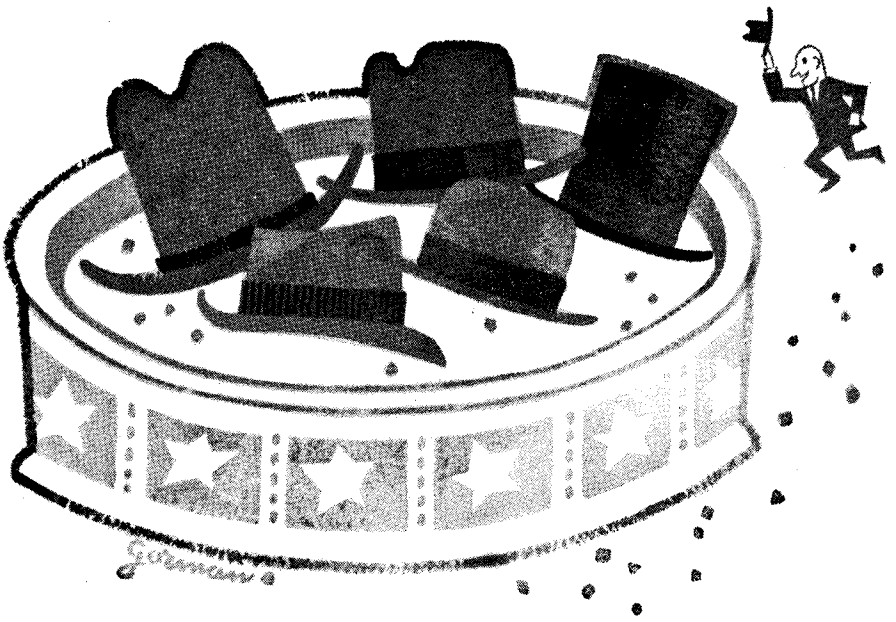
a split delegation, which diminishes the impact of a state's voting power. And it was done early, leaving ample time for Senator Lausche or any other dissident to file his own slate. Indeed, DiSalle ostentatiously invited competition. But this was fairly safe. His ticket was that of the governor and the Presidential aspirant with the most votes in hand. There was no ground left for a Symington or Humphrey or Stevenson enterprise. In reality, the DiSalle maneuver slammed the door against entries for any other candidate. Lausche denounced the deal as undemocratic, and for two weeks threatened to enter his own favorite-son slate, uncommitted. But lining up candidates throughout the state, the senator finally said, called for more money and more time than he could spare. So there is to be no opposition from that quarter.

The story might have ended here, with a sympathetic nod to the Democratic voters of Ohio, whose primary menu on May 3 will be somewhat monotonous—no soup, no dessert, just Kennedy with DiSalle sauce. But there still was Ray Miller. DiSalle had pulled the rug from under him, but Miller is not a man to take defeat graciously, if at all. He quickly gathered up a partial slate—eight men for the four Congressional districts in Cuyahoga County, plus fourteen to run in the state at large. Miller's men also have to be pledged to a "favorite stooge." Any name would do, a Miller man admitted. But they are pledged *in fact* to Kennedy—not merely until Kennedy begins to lose and releases them, but to Kennedy's personal choice or choices thereafter. Miller has some good political names on his Cleveland slate, and some are likely to be elected. So it may turn out to be a split delegation after all. Governor DiSalle avoided disaster but perhaps not embarrassment.

For the Democrats of Ohio, then, the menu is not altogether without variety. True, there's nothing on it but Kennedy. But there is still the tasty question for political gourmets: "How do you want your Kennedy served?" They still can vote for or against DiSalle, the careless guy who got in Kennedy's way on the playing field.



The Capture and Care Of Delegates

ROBERT BENDINER

Somewhere, scattered over fifty states and several territories, are fourteen hundred Democrats, more or less, who will pick their party's next Presidential nominee, and roughly the same number of Republicans who will perform a like service for their party. All that the earnest candidate has to do is track down these rare creatures well in advance, lasso as many of them as he can, brand them with his mark, ward off rustlers as he drives them to the convention, and keep them safely penned in his corral during the roll call, or counting of heads. The bovine analogy gains color from the fact that several conventions have been held just downwind from the Chicago Stockyards and a recent one in San Francisco's Cow Palace, but it has its limits. In the political roundup, luck plays a bigger part than it does on the range, results are much less predictable, and little of the actual roping, as we shall see, is done out in the open.

A first-term President can almost always have a renomination by flicking an eyebrow, but for anyone else strategies for the delegate roundup will depend on which of several types of candidate he decides to be. The three principal species are these:

The Front-Runner: This type of candidate normally has the best chance. In his view he deserves it, because he has had to work the hardest and spend the most money. His aim is to take the nomination by storm, arriving at the convention with so close to a majority of delegates that others will stampede to his corral in order to claim credit, and possibly reward, for having put him across as the winner. To choose this course, a candidate must obviously feel from the start that he has an excellent opportunity to pin down several of the largest delegations—New York, Pennsylvania, California, Illinois, Ohio, Texas, and Michigan. If he can't count on any of these, he had better wait quietly in the wings and rub a rabbit's foot.

The Willing Compromise: Where there are two Front-Runners, there are certain also to be several candidates of this second species. The Willing Compromise knows that if the Front-Runners find themselves blocked by each other from getting the necessary majority at the convention, they are likely to turn bitter

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and throw their strength to a third man, maybe himself, rather than yield to each other. With this happy end in mind, the Compromise, or Third Man, naturally conducts a quiet, nonaggressive campaign, designed to give himself a base of a hundred votes or so, plus friendly second-choice commitments from those who are pledged to the Front-Runners. The risk in this strategy, of course, is that one of the Front-Runners will prove too weak to head off a stampede to the other. All the same, it is a comparatively easy, pleasant, and inexpensive way to pursue the prize.

The Lightning-Inviter: This variety of candidate has the Presidential bug as much as any other but, assessing the situation, he feels that he has too little chance to warrant an overt campaign for the nomination. In a modest way he lets his qualifications be known, but his only hope is that *if* a deadlock occurs in the convention and *if* the Willing Compromises are not appealing, the lightning just might strike him. The odds are long that it won't, but such things have been, and anyway he has nothing to lose.

The Lightning-Inviter and the Draft-Coaxer, a species so rare that it need hardly be discussed here, obviously do not concern themselves about lining up delegates in advance. The others concern themselves with little else for periods varying from six months to two years. To see just how they go about the job, let us take the hypothetical case of Senator John Humphedy, a Democrat from the mythical state of Massasota, who feels that his chance for glory is at hand.

Senator Humphedy
(D., Massasota)

The senator starts out knowing for certain only that he will have the forty-six votes of his own state's delegation. He and the governor are in close harmony, there is no serious intraparty squabbling in the state, and the year before, let us say, he was returned to office by a landslide vote. His build-up has begun to catch on, and preliminary reports have been coming in from various parts of the country indicating what his managers promptly call a "ground swell." Now the time has come to set out in pursuit of delegates.

With forty-nine states besides his own to choose from, the senator naturally wants to concentrate his efforts where the hunting is best. Remember that until the nomination no candidate has party money at his disposal. Like his rivals, Humphedy has barely begun to scrape together a war chest from the donations of his friends, relatives, and a few financial angels who see themselves as future ambassadors at London and Paris, or at least Tegucigalpa. With his top tacticians, then, he pores over a crazy quilt of a map,

specially prepared to show the variety of ways in which delegates to a Presidential convention manage to get there.

Just as the sex of a hippopotamus can possibly interest only another hippopotamus, the technicalities confronting a candidate can possibly interest only another candidate. For our purposes, it is enough to know that in a little more than two-thirds of the states and territories most delegates are chosen by Congressional district conventions or county conventions, and that these, in turn, are made up of representatives selected by caucuses in the precincts, wards, and towns. The state convention ratifies these county and district choices and adds some delegates at large for the state party as a whole, usually the governor and senators if they are of the appropriate party, and a few outside celebrities to give the delegation "class."

These arrangements have countless variations, but generally it is the district or county machinery of the party that does most of the picking, and its choice falls on faithful party workers who can be trusted either to vote for a candidate favored in advance by their leaders—sometimes they are so "instructed" by their state convention—or to be pliable enough to go whichever way their leaders want them to go when the time comes for bargaining at the convention. In the remaining third of the states, more or less, delegates are elected in Presidential primaries. Here again there is a dizzying variety, but the candidate considers primary fights only after he has canvassed the other possibilities, and we shall do likewise.

STUDYING the map, Senator Humphedy and his managers find it no simple matter to decide where and how to begin. As a farm-state senator who has taken a strong position on civil rights, he naturally thinks of basing his drive for delegates on the Midwest and Far West, rather than on the Atlantic Seaboard or the South. Among the juiciest plums in these chosen areas, the states of Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, and California have primaries, with which he will have to deal a little later. But Democrats in Michigan, Missouri, Iowa, and Washington choose their delegates by the caucus-convention method, which allows every chance for private negotiation and an early start. Together with his own state, they *could* give him a nucleus of 178 votes, a sound base for further operations. So, drawing on friendly local advisers and perhaps sending out a few scouting expeditions, he studies the situation in these states.

Unfortunately, it turns out almost at once that the governor of Michigan is serious about having his delegation vote for himself as a Favorite Son, at least for a ballot or two. This is an honorary gesture, but the

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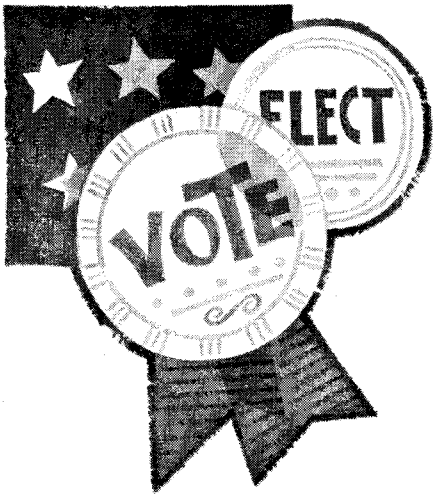
effects can be substantial, and the governor has in mind much more than the honor of the thing. In the first place, it saves him from having to take sides between Humphedy and another major contender, with the risk of picking the loser and needlessly making a powerful enemy. Then, too, it gives him a bargaining advantage at the convention, where he can release his delegates to the likely winner at just the strategic moment in the balloting, thereby assuring himself, let's say, a Cabinet post in the new administration if he wants it—and if his party wins the November election.

These Favorite Sons can be a sore trial to a Front-Runner. The best that Humphedy can do is to try to reach an informal understanding that he will have the Michigan delegates when the governor is through using them. A tenuous hope, perhaps, but not to be overlooked.

The senator could, of course, send his agents into the state and take advantage of local intraparty opposition to the governor. But as a rule when a governor wants a Favorite Son designation for himself, or any other kind of candidacy, he puts up "no poaching" signs, as it were. To trespass in these circumstances is rather like grabbing your host's seat at the dinner table—which is not to say that it isn't done.

Missouri looks much better for our man. The governor of that state has been an early and open champion of Senator Humphedy, just as Governor Ribicoff of Connecticut has been an ardent promoter of Senator Kennedy, and, as it happens, he is in full control of the party machinery in the state. Missouri's thirty-eight votes look almost as safe as Massasota's forty-six.

Iowa (we are still imagining, of course) presents an opportunity and a fresh set of problems. Our candidate's scouts have reported a fierce factional row here, which means that he can probably pick up part of the delegation but that he cannot hope to get all of it. It is always possible to fish in these troubled waters. In 1956, Harriman found the most unlikely support in Kentucky, where Governor A. B. ("Happy") Chandler, a Dixiecrat by conviction, supported him solely because Happy's enemies within the family of Kentucky Democrats were wild about Stevenson. It does not do to insist on ideological explanations for political alliances. In the circumstances, our candidate's best bet in Iowa is



to send in his agents to go to work on the leaders of one or the other faction, preferably the stronger.

In Washington we find still another configuration. In the particular year of Humphedy's candidacy, the state happens, we will say, to be in Republican hands. Without the patronage of the governor's office, Democratic control is scattered among a score of mayors, county leaders, and party committeemen, each of whom may have to be wooed individually. The situation is "fluid," which means that there are all sorts of crosscurrents in the state and nobody really knows what's going on. If our man is to get these twenty-six votes, or part of them, the state will clearly take slow and patient organizing. One of his agents will presently go in and, after some cautious probing for support, set up a Humphedy-for-President Committee, manned by well-known citizens of the state who will thenceforth be on their own.

All in all, then, our candidate's preliminary survey shows eighty-four reasonably certain votes from his own state and Missouri; plus half of Iowa's twenty-four-man delegation if he is lucky; with a fair chance of picking up twenty-six more in Washington and a possibility of inheriting Michigan's forty-four as soon as its Favorite Son has made use of them. In truth, very little of this can be pinned down and copper-riveted, because what the senator has, for the most part, is promises and expressions of good will—and few things in life are as evanescent as the assurances of a politician at the approach of an election. Which is why political analyses are so studded with ifs, buts, and howevers.

Of Men and Machines

What can the candidate do to strengthen and expand this shaky bridgehead? Deep strategy is supposed to set in at this point, and campaign managers are likened to field marshals, chess champions, football coaches, and the Earl of Warwick. But for pinning down in advance the votes of four or five hundred slippery delegates, who will be trying in a moment of high hysteria to act at once for their own advantage, the interest of their leaders, the success of the party, and presumably the good of the country—for such an object as that, strategy is not much more meaningful than it is at Monte Carlo.

Players like James A. Farley have introduced *some* system. They have shown what can be done by hard travel, the cultivation of state and local leaders at private dinners, intensive backslapping, follow-up letters, flattering attentions from the candidate himself, and the hint of rewards to come. But the number of possible combinations, shifts, pressures, and human failures that are involved in the process would have a Univac playing hunches. And that is just what the campaign managers do. It is a game that even the masters play by ear. If they win, they are strategists; if not, they are bunglers. Nobody really knows which until the balloting is over.

Soon after a candidate sets out in quest of delegates, whether openly and ebulliently or only in a stage whisper, you will begin hearing about his "machine," which presumably he has thrown together overnight. Journalists will report, according to their several lights, that it is "rolling" or "creaking badly" or "racing ahead" or "stalled." You may accordingly get the impression of a great, complex, well-oiled organization, with skilled hands in all parts of the country moving swiftly about their tasks under crisp direction from a central command.

Nothing could be dreamier. A

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candidate's pre-convention organization is as streamlined as a P.-T.A. covered-dish supper, where everyone is strenuously helpful but half the mothers turn up with macaroni salad and the coffee committee forgets to bring the pot.

Usually, the central "machine" remains what it was at the start, a small task force, made up of the candidate's five or six top aides, with important individuals called in from time to time for specific jobs. If the campaign board of strategy gets bigger than that, Farley says, you get too much talk and too little action. Besides, you are likely to find your secret plans spread all over the press, because for the knowing wink and the happily shared confidence there is no one to match an amateur kingmaker engaged in clever stratagems. Below the top, however, there are scores of lesser "machines" in states, counties, and towns. These are an indispensable source of strength and an inevitable source of confuson.

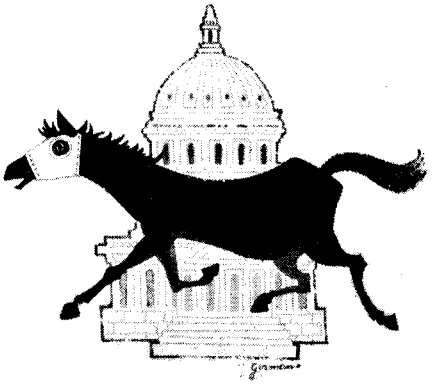
One of the chief functions of the candidate's lieutenants is to dash about the country sparking this kind of organized activity for their man. It is up to them to fire the enthusiasm of district leaders and county leaders, of state chairmen and national committeemen. But once a local organization is launched, it is up to the leader to carry on, according to the quirks and special requirements of his area. He does what he sees fit, and he may or may not keep headquarters posted on his tactics. Naturally, what an organizer for Humphedy in Alabama sees fit to do may seem highly inappropriate to his counterpart in New Jersey, especially where the candidate's stand on issues is concerned.

For the most part, this reliance on home talent is inescapable, because the ins and outs of politics, the nuances of local relationships, are so intricate that no outside organizer can expect to whirl into a community and do all the right things. He would have to know, and be able to side-step, all the petty feuds, show a nice appreciation of all the personality clashes and conflicting ambitions, and generally master the patterns of a hundred local Vanity Fairs. A mistake can cost the support of a county leader here, a district leader there, an influential newspaper publisher, or an even more influential banker. And, often enough, it is their voices that prevail in the precinct caucuses and the district conventions, especially where the party is out of power in the state and there is no governor to use the lever of patronage.

Where the party *is* in power, of course, there is nothing like getting the governor sold, early and enthusiastically, on your candidate. A bevy of governors put over Eisenhower in 1952, while the weight of Congressional Republicans was with Taft. But their early commitment was unusual. More often the governors are cagey, preferring to be courted right up to the last minute. The rewards of early commitment may be greater —Cabinet or White House posts, as a rule—but so is the gamble.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, when all the work has been done on this phase of the operation, the candidate cannot be at all sure that delegations in his corner will really stay there. They may be friendly, they may even have been selected with his candidacy in mind, but to be firmly pinned down even for a single ballot they usually have to be officially instructed to vote for him by their state conventions. Whether or not he should push this far is a touchy question.

Campaign managers are not, of course, without means of persuasion. Farley, for example, promised the



Indiana delegation that if it pledged itself in advance to the Roosevelt cause in 1932, one of its members could count on the chairmanship of a key committee at the convention. Leaders were impressed by his assurance that those who delivered the votes needed to clinch the nomination "would be very pleasantly remembered," and he was as good as his word. On those who worked for Roosevelt when the issue was still in doubt, he was later to bestow the degree of F.R.B.C. (For Roosevelt Before Chicago), an honor that for many years entitled its holders to special consideration in Washington in the way of jobs and other official attentions. The procedure was standard, of course, going back to the youth of the Republic. Farley was just franker than most.

Voice of the People

It was to get away from this traditional bargaining that political reformers early in the century came up with the idea of the Presidential primary. Enrolled Democrats in a state would elect a slate of delegates committed to a particular candidate for President, and Republican voters would do likewise. The people would speak, and the party bosses would carry out their wishes. But even more than the schemes of average mice and men, the schemes of reformers gang aft agley. Certainly this one did. A half century later, Harry Truman was to call the primaries "eyewash," which is one of the kinder expressions that have been used to describe them.

As they stand today, the Presidential primaries are a jungle, which the casual reader happily need not explore. Limiting ourselves to a quick flight over the terrain, we find that seventeen states have them in one form or another, no two exactly alike. Some offer you a list of names, probably all unfamiliar, of proposed delegates, but they don't tell you which Presidential candidate each prefers. In other states you *are* given that useful information, but the Presidential candidate you want does not appear on the ballot, probably because he didn't choose to enter your particular state's primary. In most cases the candidate has to give his consent, but in one state even his enemies can put him on the ballot—and they will if they feel sure enough of beating him.

In some primaries the voters can express a direct preference for a Presidential candidate, and the elected delegates are then bound to vote for the winner when they get to the convention. In others the preferen-

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tial primary is passed off as a mere popularity poll or "beauty contest," and at the convention the elected delegates support anyone they, or their leaders, feel like supporting.

To vote in some states' primaries you have to make an avowal of sorts, indicating that you are a regular Republican (or Democrat) and therefore entitled to a voice in picking the party's standard-bearer. In others no questions are asked. As a Democrat you can help choose the Republicans' Presidential candidate in the primary and then, in November, vote for the Democratic nominee. And a Republican may, of course, return the compliment.

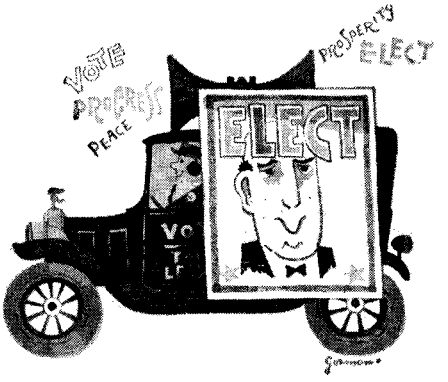
There are many more complications, and if the reader is interested or masochistic, he can get the lush details from academic studies of the subject. If he is not, he will at least have gathered that the primaries, as presently ordered, are a promiscuous sort of thing, a poor index to public sentiment in the states that have them and no index at all to national sentiment.

What is more ironic, no matter how well a candidate does in the primaries, he cannot turn his successes to much account at the convention. Experience, in fact, has been to the contrary. Kefauver went into fifteen of the sixteen primaries held in 1952, winning all but three of them. Out of some 4,600,000 Democratic votes cast in these affairs, he received 3,140,000, and arrived at the convention with 340 votes in his corner. But after two ballots, his following fell apart and the nomination went to Stevenson, who had not lifted a finger. The fingers of some highly influential leaders had been lifted for him, and they proved much more effective than primaries. The fact is that, until Stassen, Taft, Dewey, and Kefauver made it fashionable in recent years, candidates never did much campaigning in the primaries at all. It's a new phase and probably a passing one.

Why *should* a candidate bother with the primaries? To do the thing right requires the stamina of a bull elephant, at least six months of time—with the ardors of a regular election campaign still ahead if he wins—and great gobs of cash. Looking back at his 1952 performance, Kefauver said, "There were days when I just didn't think I could last out until Chicago." He did, only to leave that city with nothing to show for his pains but a personal deficit reported to have run to $36,000.

CANDIDATES, it seems, plunge into this "meat grinder," as Eric Sevareid has called it, for two reasons. One is that it is an excellent way for a comparative unknown to get a quick build-up. The primary has become a device for keeping a candidate in the public eye, enabling him to display his prowess in all the vote-getting arts and providing a national platform for his every utterance.

By the time Kefauver had trudged the sidewalks of New Hampshire's small towns, from the Canadian border to Massachusetts, introducing himself to everyone in sight, he had built up a national suspense over a



primary of no intrinsic importance. It was a harrowing ordeal, but it made for good newspaper copy. In one town he approached a sidewalk group with the usual outstretched hand and the greeting "I'm Estes Kefauver. I'm running for President—how'm I doing here?" only to be told: "You're doing fine here, but you'd better get back across the line to New Hampshire—this is Vermont." He had been given only an outside chance to snatch a single delegate from Harry Truman, who, still uncertain about running again, had casually allowed his name to be entered in the same primary. When the hand-pumping Tennessean won all twelve of the state's delegates, he had made an enemy of the President of the United States and a national reputation.

The second reason a candidate may decide to go through the "meat grinder" is the possibility it offers him of eliminating a rival in a single key primary. If he manages to lure, challenge, or cajole a major opponent into just the right battle, he can hope to put him out of the race overnight. For if winning a dozen primaries cannot by itself win you the nomination, losing one can be quick death. Willkie's chance for a second nomination, and a political future, disappeared overnight when he lost the Wisconsin primary to Dewey in 1944. No one pretended that Wisconsin, with its lingering isolationism, was representative of the nation, and internationalist sentiment among its organization Republicans—the kind who show up at primaries—was largely pre-empted by Harold Stassen, from the neighboring state of Minnesota. Clearly, Willkie should have written Wisconsin off and kept out of there, but by then he was a man with a One World mission, and he made Wisconsin his first test of the year. When he lost, he was told he was through, and he believed it. Four years later, Stassen met a similar fate when Dewey beat him, narrowly and on a side issue, in the Oregon primary. Oregon's eighteen votes were hardly crucial, but Stassen was finished all the same.

It is this irrationality, this wildly exaggerated emphasis on the "psychology" of a single defeat, that makes the Presidential primaries a doubtful improvement on the old caucus-convention system. In the spring of an election year, an isolated contest between two Front-Runners gets attention and publicity far out of proportion to the real meaning of the contest. The press plays it up, the dopesters analyze it from all possible angles, and the politicians themselves go into a spasm of calculation. They know that a single primary or even a batch of them cannot possibly be a valid test of a candidate's national appeal; but they know, too, that convention delegates, in their passion for nominating a potential winner, are jittery about a candidate who comes to them with even the synthetic scent of a loser. The delegates' solemn creed is "Why take a chance?"

Most Willing Compromises, or Third Men, like nothing better than to see two Front-Runners slug it out in these preliminaries. Sometimes

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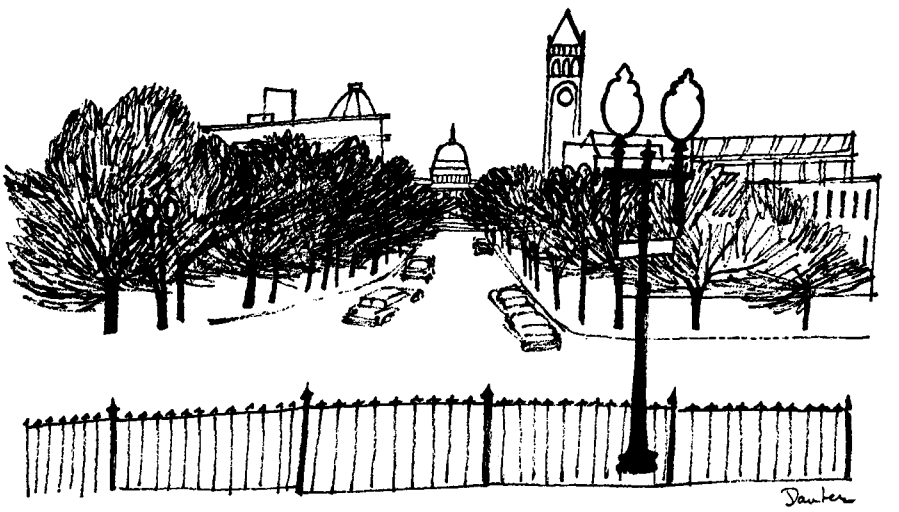
their supporters will even give covert help to one or the other, just to keep things simmering. But there are those among them who take the opposite tack. It is safer, their reasoning runs, to have Favorite Sons preempt as many important primaries as possible and make them meaningless. Without dramatic contests, the Front-Runners are denied the build-up they need, to say nothing of sensational victories. Better still, the more delegations that arrive at the convention committed to Favorite Sons, the less chance a Front-Runner has of scooping up a majority on an early ballot—and the more ballots required, the better the atmosphere for a compromise candidate.

To the Front-Runner himself, the primaries present hard choices and delicate questions: Is it better to keep out of a tough primary than risk a psychologically dangerous defeat? Refusing to accept a challenge might convey a weakness just as dangerous. Can he dodge such a fight without seeming to, by encouraging a friendly governor or senator to run as a Favorite Son? Possibly, but it's not always easy to find such a willing stalking-horse. Besides, an opponent is sure to make a righteous row about so obvious a perversion of the primary. Should the opponent, blocked from a likely primary victory, then challenge the Favorite Son, against all the courtesy rules of the game? It's been done, and might be worth the risk of making an enemy of him—if he's not too strong.

THE REFORMERS who devised the Presidential primary had no such questions in mind. They thought they had a simple system for giving the party rank and file a voice in choosing their Presidential candidate. But the primaries have come down to such intricate maneuvering and manipulating, such artificial tests on selected battlegrounds, that the element of reform has become hardly noticeable. As they stand now, these pick-and-choose contests, with variations in rules that would baffle a Philadelphia lawyer, serve largely to turn the pre-convention campaign into a combination of chess, poker, and astrology—diverting but not to be taken for political science.

AT HOME & ABROAD



The 'Debate' on Defense

DEAN ACHESON

THE PRESS tells us that we are having a "debate" on the adequacy of our national defense as provided in the Eisenhower budgets. But are we? Surely there is a lot of talk; but is it a debate? A debate is a discussion of an issue in which those discussing it make points relevant to the issue. Ordinary chatter isn't a debate. So let's see what is being said.

We start out with a clear enough charge made by the Democrats: The design and size of the Eisenhower defense effort is inadequate to meet the dangers that face the nation.

To this charge the administration replies: Our nuclear striking power (largely manned bombers) is the strongest today in the world; this is an effective deterrent.

Now, it may well be true that our Strategic Air Command is the strongest nuclear force in the world. But that is small comfort if a Russian nuclear strike could destroy it. If it can be destroyed by a Russian first strike, then what looks like a strong nuclear force is really radioactive dust when the Russians choose to make it so.

At this point General Power of the Strategic Air Command makes his contribution. The Russians, he says, with 300 missiles, of which only 150 need to be intercontinental ones, could destroy his command. They either have or soon could have these missiles.

The Secretary of Defense replies that, by reason of new intelligence estimates, we believe the Russians do not have the necessary missiles and do not intend to produce them fast enough. He does not deny that *if* they have them, or *if* they produce them, they could then do what General Power had stated.

The President adds that he knows more about defense matters than almost anyone else and that "our defense is not only strong, it is awesome, and it is respected elsewhere." He goes on to say that all this talk about our alleged deficiencies—that is, the "debate" on defense—is most harmful.

The Vice-President elevates and enlightens the discussion by saying that the Democrats are playing a "numbers game." So far, one notes, there has been no relevant contribution since General Power's uncontradicted statement.

Then comes Mr. Allen Dulles, of the Central Intelligence Agency, to explain Secretary Gates's new intelligence estimates. They mean, so Mr. Joseph Alsop interprets Mr. Dulles, that an appraisal, not shared by the Air Force, of the information we have gleaned is that at present the Russians do not have the missiles,

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launching crews, and launching pads to get off the 300 missiles mentioned by General Power. So far as we know their plans, they do not appear to be going to produce all of these components this year.

Note: No one has asserted that the Russians could not, if they chose to do so, produce these components.

TAKING STOCK then of the uncontradicted assertions, what have we got left? It is most interesting. As of the immediate present, we have a nuclear striking force as powerful as or more powerful than that of the Soviet Union. But the Russians could destroy all or most of this force by a first strike if they had in the neighborhood of 300 missiles, 150 of which were ICBMs, and the crews and pads to launch them. Most of our intelligence people think that they do not have these now and, at the present rate of production, won't have them this year. The Air Force disagrees. No one claims that they could not have sufficient missiles, crews, and pads soon if they wanted to make the effort to get them. In other words, they can have the capability of destroying SAC if they want it, unless we take countersteps which the administration does not propose to take.

Now add other uncontroverted facts:

1) The SAC bases are not constructed for defense against missile attack.

2) They have no warning or detection system against missiles.

3) We have no anti-missile missile.

4) SAC is not on air alert, and funds asked for this purpose are one-fifth to one-tenth the amount necessary.

5) We have, practically, no civilian defense program, including city evacuation and fallout shelter—whereas the Soviet Union has a good start on one.

What does all this mean? It means that we have what the administration says it does not want, since it would be "unthinkable" to use: a first-strike capability. We do not have what the administration purports to want: a secure second-strike or deterrent capability. Therefore, the present "debate" on defense leaves unanswered the charge that the design and size of the Eisenhower defense effort is inadequate to meet the dangers that face the nation.

What the President Won't See In South America

SAMUEL SHAPIRO

BECAUSE Europe is so much nearer, and so much easier to visit, relatively few American tourists ever get to the Latin-American countries on President Eisenhower's itinerary—Brazil, Argentina, Chile, and Uruguay. Those who do generally see only the attractive tourist-folder side of life in the big cities: the modern airports, the expensive hotels, the impressive new buildings. No American city is as immaculate as the central part of Lima, where the streets are swept twice a day; no bathing place is as spectacularly beautiful as Rio's Copacabana beach, where the mountains march right down to the sea; few shopping centers are as modern or as up-to-date as Florida Street in Buenos Aires.

Despite their frequent requests for economic aid, Latin-American governments are much too proud to show their visitors the poverty that lurks just a short distance away from the wide avenues and the gleaming new buildings. Most tourists, especially those on diplomatic good-will trips, see only the brightest spots in a continent racked by disease, illiteracy, and hunger.

The contrast between wealth and hidden poverty is sharpest of all in Argentina's capital, Buenos Aires, which is the largest city in the Southern Hemisphere and the ninth largest in the world. The avenues that radiate out from the Plaza de la República (one of them, Avenida 9 de Julio, the widest in the world) are well-paved, clean, and lined with thousands of impressive if somewhat old-fashioned office buildings, shops, department stores, theaters, apartment houses, and hotels. The hurrying, well-dressed crowds in the streets make it easy to understand why the Argentines have often been called the Yankees of South America.

Villa Diablo

A few miles away, however, in the *Cinturón de la Miseria* (Belt of Misery) that surrounds the central city, more than a million people live in abject poverty, with filthy mud streets, the stench of the packing plants, and ragged, barefoot children. It was from the suburbs of Quilmes, Lanus, the Boca, and Avellaneda, where many thousands still live in shacks improvised of tin plate and packing cases, without light, heat, or running water, that Juan and Evita Perón summoned forth their mobs of "shirtless ones." By spending the accumulated foreign reserves of the war and postwar periods, the general gave the *descamisados* a higher living standard than they had

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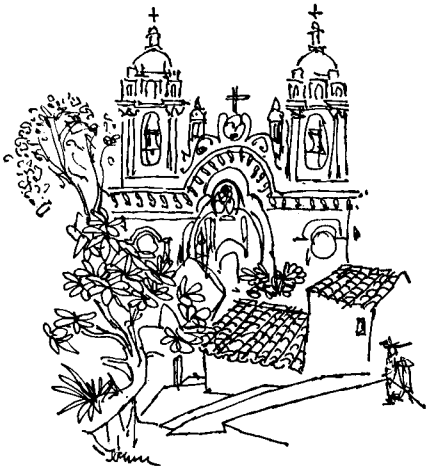
ever enjoyed; he and his aides wasted and stole immense sums, but they also paved many streets in the poorer districts, and built schools, workers' housing, and recreation halls where these had been unknown before. The misery of these slum dwellers has not been alleviated by President Arturo Frondizi's austerity program and it contributes heavily to the Argentine government's political instability and recurrent crises.

Poor as they are, Argentine workers at least eat fairly well. Despite inflation and low wages, the average Argentine ate 144 pounds of beef last year, as compared with fifty-five pounds in Germany and twelve pounds in Italy. Elsewhere in the environs of South America's capitals, outright hunger is added to cold, filth, and wretched housing.

In Brazil's capital, Rio de Janeiro, where the miserable shacks of the *"favella"* climb up the lower slopes of the lovely green mountains, inflation has driven the cruzeiro above two hundred to the dollar; President Juscelino Kubitschek's hesitant efforts at price control have sporadically driven such staples as rice and beans from the shops. Montevideo, the Uruguayan capital, was once the showpiece of South American democracy, but it also has been scourged by economic dislocation; thousands of workers lost their jobs when the two U.S.-owned meat-packing plants shut down. In the slums of Lima, Peru, families of ten and twelve people sleep in a single room; homes are unheated despite the damp, chilly winter; malnutrition is normal; and the tuberculosis rate is one of the highest in the world. The worst slum in the hemisphere is probably Asunción's Villa Diablo, where the brutality of the Paraguayan dictatorship is added to grinding, hopeless poverty.

In the countryside conditions are just as bad or worse. In the province of Salta, in the Argentine sugar district, Indian laborers are paid sixty-two cents a day (thirty-nine cents for women) during the part of the year when there is work. They try to save money by chewing on sugar-cane stalks instead of buying food; they live in huts made of cane and straw, and drink water from filthy irrigation ditches. The plantation manager shrugs his shoulders and says, "They are Indians, they don't know any better." In the highland districts of Peru there are villages where even the mayor goes barefoot and lives in an unheated hut with a dirt floor; the average diet offers less than two thousand calories a day; and eighty per cent of the adults are illiterate. The situation in Bolivia, as a result of the slump in tin and the dislocations brought about by breaking up the old landed estates, is desperate; thousands are kept from starvation only by regular distribution of American surplus foodstuffs.

For the rural and urban poor alike, the recent democratic revolutions in Latin America have meant little improvement. Dictators like Argentine's Perón and Peru's Odría, for all their economic incompetence,



made some demagogic effort to benefit the poorest classes in society. Since the dictators looted the treasuries and wrecked the economies, however, the living standards under their democratic successors have actually declined. Falling prices and restricted markets for coffee, tin, oil, wool, and other commodities with which Latin America pays for its imports have made the situation even more desperate. The result has been a dangerously widespread feeling that democracy means more rather than less hunger. The resulting wave of resentment against the United States found expression in the stones and saliva showered on Vice-President Nixon.

The American visitor who remains long enough to become acquainted with this state of affairs finds himself wondering why it has come about. Poverty in older countries can be partially explained in terms of overcrowding, of too many people trying to scratch a living out of the same exhausted earth. But the population of South America is only a little larger than that of the United States, and it is spread over an area more than twice as large. Except for some special areas like Haiti and Puerto Rico, Latin Americans are far from overcrowded; they have considerable mineral wealth, and can produce a long list of agricultural products valuable in international trade—coffee, cocoa, rubber, tropical hardwoods, cotton, wheat, beef, citrus. Why then do so many millions live in misery amid such wealth?

Wrong Shape, Wrong Start

There is no getting around the fact that in a number of respects South America is simply unlucky. To begin with, the whole continent is shaped wrong, with the widest expanses in the huge and practically useless Amazon basin, and comparatively thin, tapering sections in the temperate zones. The Andes are much more inhospitable than the Rockies, and almost impossible to settle; areas along the west coast contain some of the driest deserts in the world. The continent has varied mineral resources, but for the most part lacks the essential coal and iron; where these do exist, they are generally located too far apart to be economically useful.

Added to these physical handicaps are political ones. The United States very early in its history developed a stable, workable government, with a reliable currency, freedom of internal trade, property guarantees, and freedom of enterprise. But Latin America, after the revolutions of 1810-1824, speedily fell apart into more than a dozen unstable independent entities, at war within themselves and with each other. Almost without exception, the history of every country below the Rio Grande is a dismal record of *caudillos,* revolutions, and wars. Under these unsettling circumstances, the rapid development that characterized the U.S. economy could not take place.

These political troubles persist to the present day. Tariffs, import quotas, exchange controls, and poor

(*Continued on page 32*)

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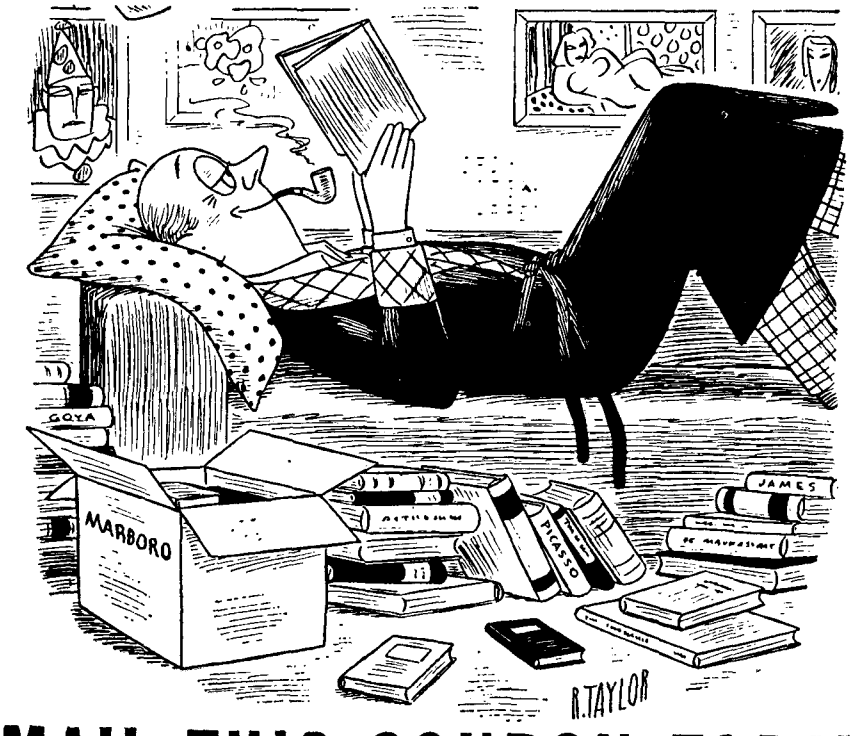

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internal transport facilities keep trade among the Latin-American nations to a small fraction of what it might be. These nations trade primarily with the rest of the world, and not with each other; they have never developed the smoothly functioning internal market that binds New York and Michigan and California into one effective economy. The recently established seven-nation common market will have to reverse a present trend toward less intra-Latin American trade rather than more. Argentina, for example, is trying to replace Brazilian coffee with locally produced tea and the regional yerba maté; Uruguay has cut down on oil imports from Venezuela in order to make barter agreements with the Soviet bloc (which now takes more than half of its wool clip); Bolivia has stopped buying Argentine sugar.

Along with trade troubles there is the armaments race, currently much deplored but continuing at an increasing rate nonetheless. For all their protestations of solidarity and brotherhood, there are deep and lasting enmities between many neighboring nations of Latin America; and the powerful influence of the military in the internal affairs of most of them has enabled them to command expensive standing armies. Although Argentina's armed forces have not killed anybody but their own countrymen for the past ninety years, the navy maintains a secondhand aircraft carrier and a fleet of submarines, the air force is buying new jet fighters, and the army has ten thousand officers on active duty, three times as many as when General Perón came to power. When Peru's President Prado issued a call for disarmament last November, he provoked howls of rage from Chile, Ecuador, and his own armed forces; and Peru went right ahead with plans to purchase two secondhand cruisers and pay off the balance of what it owed for U.S.-built submarines. The Latin-American military budgets total more than $2 billion a year, a grievous burden on backward economies that purchases no real security.

Still another handicap for the economy of South America is psychological. The U.S. entrepreneur who made money has traditionally reinvested most of it in his plant and set about making more, a process that led to mass production and huge industries. But for the South American, business has never been an end in itself, only a way to get enough money to enjoy life. There is indeed something to be said for this attitude, but it has played a part in preventing the economic growth of Latin America. Even the largest native-owned businesses—Bolivian tin mines, Brazilian coffee fazendas, and Argentine cattle ranches—have been family affairs, and the sons of the founders usually took no interest in them except to collect the profits. This attitude was reinforced by fear of revolution or expropriation; capital was not reinvested but spent on good living or sent out of the country to Paris, Switzerland, or Wall Street.

What Can We Do?

How can the United States, with a per capita income eight times as large, help Latin America out of its present predicament of low productivity, underdevelopment, and overspecialization? American private capital has not been able by itself to raise living standards very much even in the countries where it has been most welcome. American companies poured billions into the Venezuelan oil fields, made huge investments in Peruvian lead, zinc, and copper mines, and dominated the Cuban economy—but those nations remained terribly poor and backward.

One way to assist Latin America, and at little cost to ourselves, would be to stop preaching free trade and begin practicing it. The current import quotas on lead and zinc, ostensibly designed to promote the national defense by keeping high-cost U.S. mines in production, have benefited a few politically influential mineowners but done great damage to the economies of Bolivia, Peru, and Mexico. These nations were forced to cut mineral exports to the United States by one-third last year; at the same time U.S. industry and consumers paid prices considerably above the world market. Import quotas on crude petroleum imposed in 1957, and the duty of 1.7 cents a pound on copper restored in 1958, partially explain anti-U.S. feelings in Venezuela and Peru. Argentine beef, priced from a third to a half below the American product, is barred from the U.S. market for "sanitary" reasons, even when it comes from areas where hoof-and-mouth disease has never existed. For the high duties on wool and linseed oil, no excuse at all has been offered.

American corporations have already invested $25 billion in Latin-American oil fields, copper and iron mines, cattle ranches, sugar and banana plantations, and utilities; they cannot provide the capital for longer-range projects like roads, bridges, improved port facilities, or agricultural reform. Development loans and technical help on such projects can come only from the U.S. government—or, by default, from the Soviet Union, which has already made several offers of this kind. Development loans have always been paid back, but we have hesitated to make them on a scale to match Latin America's desperate needs and rapidly expanding population.

Another opportunity, largely neglected, lies in the field of education. In even the most advanced South American countries adult illiteracy runs over twenty per cent; in others it may be as high as seventy to eighty per cent. Funds devoted to aiding Latin America's educational efforts can have an effect that is out of all proportion to the amount expended; a single Fulbright professor, assigned a few years ago to help found a new school of library science at the University of Córdoba, has revolutionized the teaching of that unpretentious but vital subject throughout Argentina.

THE PRESIDENT'S brief trip to Latin America gives us an opportunity to take stock of our policy in that part of the world, to assess what we have done well and what we have done ill. And we certainly must not overlook the fact that Latin America can find markets, capital, technological help, and machinery elsewhere—in Japan, Western Europe, or behind the Iron Curtain. It would be extremely shortsighted of us to let this happen. For our economy needs not only the copper, iron, and petroleum but also the overseas markets and investment opportunities offered by the Latin-American nations. In the long run we need them just as much as they need us.

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THE NEW YORK I KNOW:

III. Park Avenue

MARYA MANNES

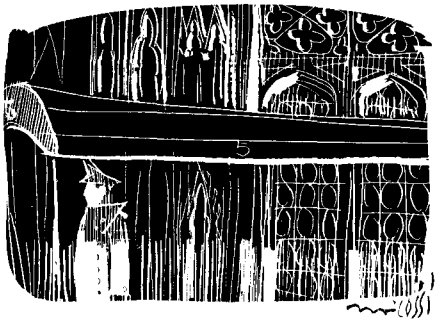
IF YOU ARE VERY RICH and want the best that New York can offer, you will be likely to live in one of several places and several ways, all of them in one rectangle of Manhattan's gridiron bounded roughly by Central Park and the East River, between the Fifties or Sixties, where commerce prevails, to Ninety-sixth Street, where slums take over.

You will have a high apartment on Fifth Avenue looking over Central Park toward a range of buildings whose outlines in no way suggest inferior status and seem, in fact just as desirable as your own. Or you will buy a brownstone on a quiet side street lined with trees, and remodel it to your taste; or—if you can get it—one of the lovely Georgian-style houses on Sutton Place which front on dead-end streets and conceal, behind them, rolling and flowering lawns that reach to the East River. Or, loving the life of the river with its fretwork of bridges and the ever-absorbing glide of tugs and barges and freighters on its oily current, yet preferring height, you will rent or buy an apartment or penthouse in one of the new white buildings where your balcony becomes a liner's prow, with only water below; where the opalescent ribbon of the river winds south or north changing consistency and tone with every hour; and where, at night, the flow of cars on the East River Drive is another winking river of lights, mesmeric and silent.

IF YOU ARE NOT SO RICH and can't afford such conspicuous beauties and privileges, you will still pay dearly for the social and business prestige which a "good" address confers, for easy access to the best doctors and psychiatrists, and to the best shops, whether they are big and sell clothes or little and sell everything from Syrian coffee to Caspian caviar, from Burmese silk to Dresden china, from collages to sporting prints.

You will pay $500 a month for a four-room apartment built like a filing cabinet on streets where cars can barely crawl and where people who live below the tenth floor can see nothing but stone and windows. But you will also be paying for the fact that this is the first section of the city to be cleared of snow after a blizzard and of garbage after a strike, and that the double-parked limousines of its residents are the last to be ticketed. They are, in fact, not ticketed at all. Privilege is the password, policed and bribed.

You pay for other things too. The men and women who walk along Fifth and Madison and Park and



Lexington and now even Third are more smartly dressed than the citizens of other neighborhoods, and it is possible to see the assured bearing and the kind of well-bred face, with fine bones and clear skin now increasingly rare in any of our cities. If the women wear minks, tweeds are underneath them, and they walk in simple pumps with low heels. On these East Side streets you are not likely to find men in vicuña coats spitting on the sidewalk or women in Dior dresses chewing gum.

Even the dogs are conscious of their breeding: the big black poodles sit bolt upright in the seat next to the chauffeur, like witty French countesses off to the races, their tufted chins tilted above their rhinestone collars, their eyes beady, their topknots fresh from the drier. Even the tiny topiary toys seem fluffier and more impertinent on the East Side; their mistresses no more infatuated but more likely to reveal, in their doting faces, the puffiness of martinis and self-pampering.

It is because you want such things, some tangible like a view, some intangible like prestige, that you pay to live in this congested rectangle. The abiding mystery of the fashionable East Side, however, is the deliberate choice of residence on Park Avenue, the most boring street of its kind for its entire residential length.

FROM SIXTIETH to Ninety-sixth Street, opposing cliffs of apartment houses face each other over a river of traffic and a dividing line of meager rectangles which roof the New York Central tracks. Because most of these apartments were built forty years ago when architecture was bogged down in sterile pretentious conservatism, the view from any living-room window is ranks of small windows meanly spaced in façades of gray or dun stone undistinguished either by handsome proportions or good decorative detail. Below, the yellow cabs and the black Cadillacs stream past these graceless plots of tired privet, dusty grass, and iron railing, only sometimes relieved by lighted Christmas trees or clumps of spring or autumn flowers donated by a benefactress and sturdy enough to survive a fortnight of fumes. For this, and for an address that implies position and wealth, thousands of New Yorkers pay prodigious rents, willing to starve their eyes and congest their lungs for the security of status.

It is all the more remarkable that people of taste and no thirst for status can be found on Park Avenue, and they will probably depreciate the address and say that the rooms are large and the location handy. From the back windows, too, provided they are high up, glimpses of roofs and river give some idea of the city's superior beauties. But even these escape hatches and the penthouses with their full-grown trees and shrubs cannot be reached without the subtle penance of a Park Avenue entrance: the apotheosis of a kind of stuffiness, of a social self-consciousness, that few free spirits

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could face every day and night without distaste.

The Park Avenue lobby would, in fact, give pause to excavators of the future, should they find one intact and furnished. For although their shape and their contents vary widely —some are Regency, some Renaissance, some French provincial or Jacobean, some contemporary (even to subdued abstractions and wire sculpture), they share the same muffled discretion, the same soft sell: you who enter here are in the right place with the right people. Supporting this message, of course, are the doormen, a very special breed. The better ones are courteous and helpful, but like headwaiters or jewelry salesmen or art dealers, their duty is appraisal. They do not look: they size up. For strangers, their gaze is a gantlet. And to the imaginative, their flicker of acceptance is as disturbing as tacit rejection. Only the insecure find pleasure in being considered acceptable.

IF THE LOBBY is a form of insulation from the living world outside, an even greater one is the street itself. For Park Avenue is an estrangement from the realities of New York, of which two are the most valuable: the peculiar haphazard beauty of the city, and its structure of villages.

This structure is basically triangular, and consists of the relation of side street to avenue, of residence to commerce, of privacy to common experience. Every avenue on the East Side has this corner life except Park Avenue (Fifth at least has a people's park), for the tributaries are residential like the main stream, and the purpose for walking is to exercise the dog or go to church on Sundays. To live in the side streets near Lexington or Third or Second, on the other hand, is to be part of an intimate complex of people and services that form, as time goes on, a close familiar whole in the midst of the great fragmentation which is the city. At no time are you more than a half block away from butcher, grocer, stationer, liquor dealer, cleaner, or florist, with each of whom daily contact becomes friendship as well as habit. And on every block or two there is that dim little shabby Irish bar, more haven than hangout. The big new developments obliterate more of these villages every year, substituting impersonal order for intimate confusion, but where they still cling they give New York its heart.

Park Avenue has no such beat. Few women (one hesitates to call them housewives) can be bothered often with a two-block walk, nor need they be with the telephone at hand and servants dispatchable for errands. When they leave their apartments they go to those of friends or the shops in the Fifties, confining their local excursions to a fancy grocery on Madison Avenue (to pick up some Spanish artichoke hearts) or to a place where Quiche Lorraine is made for parties. And their husbands, with the Racquet Club or "21" handier, are not likely to take in a Third Avenue bar on their homeward trip.

PARK AVENUE, then, is an island. But who are the islanders? What manner of people choose this isolation? Solvency is no answer, for the rich have better alternatives. Nor is success in business or profession the determinant. Park Avenue is full of successful people, but so are the side streets. In earlier days origins played a part, but now the proportion of Jews and Gentiles is roughly equal, even though some co-operatives manage a policy of exclusion without stating it. Café society and *Social Register* society are broadly represented, philanthropists abound, and few buildings fail to include at least one member of that tenacious and long-lived little company—the only refugees blessed by society—the White Russians.

But there are other people, too, on Park Avenue. Take the young Petersons, who inherited their apartment from his family. They hate the Avenue, but where else could they afford to keep their five children on his salary as an editor in a publishing house? Or take Dr. Kuhn, the famous urologist. His office is in the building, his life is his work, and think of the time he saves. Or take old Miss Worthington. She has lived in the same apartment for thirty-five years, with her two Irish maids and her ten rubber plants and her sixteen ferns: what would she do in another world, where people lived? And then, of course, there are residents like the Haggertys. Clyde Haggerty makes forty thousand a year after taxes as president of his construction firm. It costs him that much to live as he thinks he must live, on Park Avenue, and he will leave nothing when he dies. He is paying for an ice floe that will melt while others are paying for an elaborate ark in a treacherous sea, for safety within danger.

THERE ARE many reasons to live on Park Avenue; as many reasons, perhaps, as residents, as many good as bad. Yet if I were asked to describe typical Park Avenue apartments or typical Park Avenue parties, I think I would concentrate on two particular kinds. One would be the home of a *Social Register* kind of family, the other would belong, say, to the president of a chain of department stores.

Let us visit George and Amy Lansing first. George is an investment banker with a Wall Street firm, Amy is the daughter of a prominent corporation lawyer, lately deceased. George's family has lived in Glens Falls for five generations, Amy's ancestors fought the Revolution in Virginia. They have a daughter at Brearley, a son at Yale, and a house at Stockbridge, used on weekends and summer vacations. George is on many boards, Amy on many charities. Their large rooms are carpeted wall-to-wall in a neutral shade, the sofas and chairs are covered either in flowered muted chintz or in beige brocade, and the curtains drawn across the windows are of matching chintz. The furniture is mostly English antique. Over the fireplace is a portrait, thinly painted, of Amy's mother—the kind of woman with the long sloping undivided bust mysteriously achieved in her day, and an expression of mild reproof. The other pictures are mostly etchings of ducks in flight or English hunting prints, and the tops of tables are crowded with family photographs in silver frames. There is nothing in the rooms that could possibly offend anyone and nothing that could possibly delight. The Lansings have comfort for their money but no fun, and the observant guest cannot help but pity such spiritual constipation. What is more, two sets of curtains

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and a half-lowered shade cut out in daytime the luxury of light that their fifteenth-floor apartment could provide them, and this perpetual muffling and diffusion and carpeting and covering gives these rooms the feeling of large and elaborate padded cells in which one could die of anoxia. Physically and mentally, the Lansings are sealed in their own amber.

This is never more apparent than at one of their cocktail parties. For they invite themselves: pleasant, easy, handsome people from the world of law or finance, usually Republicans, always well-groomed and always well-mannered. In vain is the search for an expressive, unguarded face, or even an ugly one. At the Lansings you will see no Jews, no artists, no musicians, no eccentrics, and only those foreigners—usually from the north of Europe—who could be taken, except for their accents, for Americans or Englishmen of the Lansings' class. No voice is raised here except in joviality, no alien note intrudes, no new thought penetrates to surprise or disturb. The smooth organization of the party is assured by Amy's own pleasant competence and the work of two efficient maids, one attached to the Lansing household, one specially hired for the evening. These maids are an East Side phenomenon, exerting a prissy gentility which even impeccable menservants fail to impose. There is something about such women, pouring drinks or handing hors d'oeuvres around, which, since it suggests prolonged virginity, acts as a vague depressant. All in all, the Lansing living room is the social equivalent of that experiment in weightlessness and the absence of sensory reflexes in which a man is suspended in tepid water: there is nothing to move against or measure against.

THE KAPPELS, a few blocks north, are very different in certain ways. For one thing, Joseph Kappel's grandparents emigrated from Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century and Liz is a born New Yorker of Midwestern stock. For another, Joe started fairly humbly as a small importer of fabrics and in twenty years amassed a chain of high-class department stores in New York and the suburbs. The Kappels are much richer than the Lansings and much less inhibited about showing it.

In their apartment, they show it chiefly through the taste of a much sought-after Fifty-Seventh Street decorator who changes their decor

at intervals to keep pace with fashion. Fifteen years ago Robin persuaded the Kappels to go whole hog on French impressionists, and Joe acquired a rather muddly little Renoir head, a weak Bonnard, a Seurat sketch for "La Grande Jatte," a Degas etching (the laundress), and a very blurry Monet. To complement these, Robin bought them the most expensive examples of French provincial he could find in Europe, and keyed the upholstery with infinite subtlety to their tones.

But last year a revolution took place. Joe took the impressionists to his office (where they impressed), and Robin made over the Kappel home to accommodate a Baziotes, a de Kooning, a Dubuffet, a Franz Kline, and a metal construction composed of pipes and fender strips called "Birdwatcher." All these required white walls, the severest contemporary furniture (including several couches that suggested upholstered mortuary slabs), and the occasional bright jab of an orange, black, or acid-pink pillow. An extra ceiling was suspended, above which invisible fixtures cast diffused light and gave the faces of Kappels and guests the look of recent exhumation. It was quite a room. Only when Liz took women guests to her boudoir did her interior struggle (lost to Robin except in this sanctuary) become apparent. An Edzard pastel of a wistful young girl in a ribboned bonnet hung over her frilled and canopied bed, and every white shelf in this pink-lined box was crammed with bibelots: round colored paperweights, white milk glass, and porcelain hands in every position needed to hold nuts, ashes, or a single rose, although never put to these uses.

Although the Kappels have a few close friends from former days to whom they are loyal, and dinners for business associates are given from time to time, their parties are usually reserved for celebrities they know only slightly. Having backed a few Broadway hits, they have access to people of the theater, and Robin has seen to it that the Kappels keep in touch with current newsmakers in the world of art, provided they are socially housebroken. As few of the most prominent contemporary painters qualify, the guests are likely to be museum curators, collectors, critics, and fashion photographers, who give ecstatic sanction to the Kappels' taste but pose no threat to their marriage.

Few would doubt, however, that the Kappel parties were more amusing than the Lansing ones, and the presence of smiling colored barmen adds a festive note that the Lansing maidservants lack. So do contingents of *Vogue* and *Bazaar* models, whose gaunt perfections and bizarre coiffures complement the interior.

IT MIGHT BE SAID that the major difference between these two family residents of Park Avenue is that the Lansings have roots and the Kappels have none. George and Amy are secure in their past, Joe and Liz are insecure in their present. And while the Lansings accept Park Avenue as a matter of course in their way of living, the Kappels remind themselves of their position every time the doorman greets them.

What they share in common is a dead street in a living city: a street that neither partakes of the splendid conspicuous affluence symbolized by the few private mansions still left nor has a part in the city's tumultuous present and, so far as we can see it, in the radical innovations of the future. Only above Ninety-Sixth Street and below Sixtieth Street does Park Avenue come alive: to the north, dangerously and dirtily, with the worst of slums and the greatest of needs; to the south, dynamically and often beautifully, with the transparent thrust of business in the great glass canyon.

Between is an address.

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Of Mao, Sukarno, and Ali Baba

WILLARD A. HANNA

JAKARTA

THE GOVERNMENT of Indonesia, Peking charges, has become the tool of imperialists and is engaging in intolerable persecution and provocation of the overseas Chinese in Indonesia. It is ruthlessly and at times violently expelling peace-loving Chinese from their homes and shops. It is unjustly denying them the opportunity to dispose of their property or even to seek refuge with friends and relatives, and is moving them by force into urban concentration camps or squalid ghettos. "Overseas Chinese," Foreign Minister Chen Yi protested officially last December 9, "are now being regarded as nationals of a hostile country and subjected to the most cruel treatment."

The government of China, Jakarta retorts, is acting suspiciously like an imperialistic power by flagrantly interfering in Indonesian domestic affairs. The government of Indonesia is merely attempting, like China, to "change a liberal economic system to a socialist economy." It is legally converting certain holdings—the rural shops of "alien traders," who incidentally happen to be Chinese—into "co-operative" ventures. To this laudable goal, China has responded by whipping up a vicious anti-Indonesian campaign, and by inciting the overseas Chinese to defy the Jakarta government.

The overseas Chinese, protested Foreign Minister Subandrio on December 13, by "every sort of manipulation have succeeded in dominating the economy of the Indonesian people. Furthermore, through smuggling, hoarding, and speculations [they] have been opposing the growth toward economic stability . . . Several officials of the Chinese Embassy have been actively traveling around . . . to incite the overseas Chinese inhabitants to oppose the orders given by Indonesian officials . . . That amid such an atmosphere no unfortunate actions, such as intimidations and killings, have taken place should be attributed to the sense of responsibility of the Indonesian people . . ."

Indonesia, in other words, is treating its "capitalist" Chinese much as it treated the Dutch—and much as Communist China treated its foreigners and its own "reactionary" citizens. Peking now objects, and Jakarta objects to Peking's objections.

From the humanitarian point of view, the situation is tragic. Indonesia's Chinese, whose families have been contributing for centuries to Indonesia's development, are by nature decent and industrious, if, to be sure, acquisitive. The Indonesians are by nature friendly and tolerant, if, to be sure, not disposed to vigorous enterprise. The overseas Chinese and the Indonesians, while they complement each other, have clashed before, sometimes violently. This time, however, they are clashing as a result of official provocation—which follows, ironically, upon torrents of official oratory about peace, friendship, and co-operation.

Flowers That Fade

"I am convinced," declared Mao Tse-tung on welcoming President Sukarno to Peking on October 2, 1956, "that the friendly, co-operative relations between China and Indonesia, based as they are upon identical principles, mutual advantage, and peaceful coexistence, will assuredly in the future day by day further flourish and flower."

"Your democracy, my friends, and Indonesian democracy," declared President Sukarno to a huge crowd in Shanghai a few days later, "are two democracies which are engaged in combat—combat against colonialism, combat against imperialism, combat for security, combat for world peace, combat for a shining new world . . . Whoever desires to restrain us will be ground away in this inundation, my friends. . . . Believe me, my friends, between the people of Communist China and the people of Indonesia there is a brotherhood that is eternally binding. There is no power in the universe which can destroy this brotherhood and this friendship."

In calculating the durability of their binding friendship, President Sukarno and Chairman Mao seem to have overlooked one crucial factor: the presence in Indonesia of some three million Chinese, whose prosperity and politics are both highly

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suspect to most of the eighty-five million Indonesians. Given Jakarta's ultranationalistic bent, given Peking's drive to gain overseas-Chinese allegiance, given also chronic domestic dislocations in Indonesia of the sort that have repeatedly provoked anti-Chinese outbursts, and difficulties within China that make it desirable to divert attention to external affairs, conflict over the Indonesian-born Chinese was easily predictable.

What was less predictable was the obtuseness of both Jakarta and Peking in failing to anticipate each other's policies and reactions. Jakarta and Peking have now maneuvered themselves into all but untenable positions and have all but sealed off the exits. Peking must now defend—and thus further prejudice—the cause of the Indonesian-born Chinese or else forfeit a great deal of the prestige it enjoys among overseas Chinese throughout Southeast Asia. In any event its actions have sobered those Indonesians and other Southeast Asians who have uncritically accepted the Peking line. Jakarta must push on with its drive against the overseas Chinese or else reshape its vaunted independence according to Peking's pressure. In doing either, Indonesia will still further disrupt its extremely precarious economy, worsen its already explosive political crisis, and intensify social unrest.

THE PRESENT CRISIS, despite wishful interpretations in the West, is neither the result nor is it likely to become the cause of any genuine anti-Communist swing in Indonesia. It is part of a long-continued and now accelerated campaign against the overseas Chinese that is economic and political rather than ideological in origin. The Chinese in Indonesia are a minority of hardly three per cent, but they account for an outsize proportion of the nation's business and professional men and an outsize proportion of the national product. They are conspicuously big earners, big spenders, big investors—and big speculators. Their increasing and unconcealed disinclination to merge with the ninety-seven per cent Indonesian majority only exacerbates Indonesian nationalistic sentiments and invites sharper discrimination. The Indonesians themselves, however, are caught in the backwash of every restrictive measure they devise against the Chinese. Nobody's temper improves as a result.

The Chinese merchants and shopkeepers who dominate the Indonesian economy have a strangle hold on the collection of produce and the distribution of consumer goods in the rural areas. The Indonesian government has resolved to wipe out this "Chinese monopoly." Facts and figures are elusive in Indonesia, but according to common estimate as many as half a million Chinese are directly affected by Jakarta's new ban on alien traders in the rural areas. The nature and dimensions of the immediate crisis are best described, however, not by attempts at a general survey or statistical analysis but by citing a specific example.

THE SMALL TOWN of Tjibadak, in the highlands of West Java, is the trading center for an extensive rice- and rubber-growing area. Its shopkeepers, middlemen, transport operators, contractors, doctors, dentists, and, of course, moneylenders have almost all been Chinese. Tjibadak falls under the new ban. A few hundred Chinese, therefore, have now

moved out of Tjibadak and adjacent areas, or have been moved out by the army. A few others, stirred to resistance by Chinese embassy officials from Jakarta, have been jailed or have taken to the hills. A few score badly demoralized Chinese remain—those who applied months previously for Indonesian citizenship or those who have qualified for exemption in vaguely defined categories of "nontraders." For "security reasons," the evacuees are forbidden to settle in the nearby and already desperately congested cities of Bandung, Bogor, or Jakarta—and anyone offering them shelter in Jakarta, for instance, is liable to a fine of 10,000 rupiahs (about $222 at the official rate) or three years in jail. They may find emergency accommodations elsewhere, perhaps in a new "refugee barracks," but not jobs, schools, or any inducement to become permanent, constructive residents. The disposition of their properties in Tjibadak is certain to lead both to dispute and to abuse. For the goods and services which they once supplied, the Indonesian population must look to the hastily contrived co-operatives or to the army. Since the dislocation of people and services is spreading to a thousand towns like Tjibadak, and perhaps soon to the major cities as well, and since the Indonesian government has made hardly any plans beyond the initial setting up of co-operatives and emergency provisions for military suppression of disorders, the problem both for Chinese and Indonesians could quickly assume disastrous proportions.

Too Sharp a Contrast

The small Tjibadak shopkeeper, now faced with ruin, used to net from his retail trade about 5,000 rupiahs a month ($111 at the official exchange rate of 45 to $1, or $25 at the black-market rate, which has fallen as low as 240 to $1). Of this, he could save up to 2,500 rupiahs a month and invest it. Often he put out some of his money on loan at twenty-five per cent per month interest. Often he speculated in hoarded and black-market commodities. He may even have supplied rubber at a premium to the smugglers' agents. His 5,000 rupiahs a month, plus of course the increment, contrasted with the average Indonesian worker's income of about 500 rupiahs a month, the high government official's salary of about 2,500 rupiahs a month, and even President Sukarno's basic salary, which was raised last year to 5,500 rupiahs a month. The question inevitably arises in Indonesian minds: why should the Chinese shopkeeper be allowed to prosper so greatly while ninety-nine per cent of the Indonesian nationals remain so poor?

The wealthy Chinese merchant—of whom there are thousands throughout Indonesia—has made

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50,000 or even 500,000 rupiahs a month compared to the Tjibadak shopkeeper's 5,000 rupiahs. He does so by operating on a bigger scale over a wider area, and sometimes by the ingenious device of converting his company, on paper, into a joint Chinese-Indonesian venture. The Indonesian partner sits in the front office, signs the innumerable applications for government licenses, arranges the necessary payoffs, and takes a generous cut in the profits. These are called the "Ali Baba firms"—Ali being the common Indonesian given name, Baba meaning "Indonesian-born Chinese"—and signify an *Arabian Nights* combination of fancy and profit, and very fancy profit at that.

Many of the overseas Chinese have probably tried to stay within the law. Indonesian regulations, however, are so complex, so obscure, so changeable, and generally so obstructive to normal business that circumvention becomes the only road to survival.

The Blow Falls

"The Chinese brought it on themselves," said an Indonesian official. "They're only interested in money. They'll sell themselves, or you, or us to the Communists or to any other bidder. Since they somehow always accumulate most of the money, we have to get part of it back and see that they don't betray us in revenge. Actually, it's a game—they expect it. As for us, we don't dislike them, we just mistrust them."

At the time of the Bandung Conference (April, 1955), Chou En-lai negotiated a treaty on Chinese nationality with the Indonesian government. Indonesian-born Chinese were to be compelled, in effect, to choose between Communist Chinese and Indonesian citizenship. By mid-1959, the deadline for decision, the majority of the Chinese in Indonesia had acquired or had applied for Communist Chinese passports. A Chinese passport had begun to look like a serious liability, to be sure, but so did an Indonesian one. No passport at all was even worse.

On July 1, 1957, the Indonesian government had adopted an important new discriminatory measure against "alien" Chinese by imposing a stiff annual head tax—about 3,000 rupiahs per family, with the probability that it would be increased as Indonesia's economic position worsened. On September 15, 1958, it moved against known and suspected Nationalist Chinese sympathizers, including many who were proposing to become Indonesian citizens. The government accused them of involvement in regional insurrections; it nationalized their properties, including homes, schools, clubs, shops, factories, and banks; and it detained or expelled their leaders. On May 14, 1959, the government moved once more. It banned "foreign traders" from engaging in business after December 31, 1959, in any except the larger towns and cities.

Practically all the Chinese believed that the trade ban would soon be extended to Chinese with Indonesian citizenship and to those in urban areas as well. But most of them also believed that the new decree or the expected extensions of it would be only selectively enforced, sparing those who could or would pay off. The capriciousness and corruptibility of Indonesian government enforcement agencies were well known. Besides, they reasoned that disruption of the Indonesian economy would be too serious if the Chinese were really forced out altogether. Powerful pressures could be brought to bear by Peking, the Indonesian Communist Party, and the non-Communist Chinese organizations.

Thus there was little panic until last August 25, when President Sukarno slashed the value of the 500-rupiah and 1,000-rupiah bank notes by ninety per cent, froze ninety per cent of all bank balances over 25,000 rupiahs, and announced that the brunt of the devaluation would fall upon the "corrupters," the "speculators," "the holders of hot money"—reverse euphemisms for the Chinese and their Ali Baba partners. Very soon after, when the military command of West Java began to jump the December 31 deadline for closing out alien traders, the evidence was unmistakable. The government did intend to enforce the decree, and it has since hinted repeatedly that it proposes to go even further.

The subsequent series of developments has been swift and dramatic. Indonesian Foreign Minister Subandrio traveled to Peking to "explain," and to his stunned dismay was himself scolded and abused. Chinese Ambassador Huang Chen dispatched embassy officers about the countryside to advise Chinese traders not to comply with eviction orders. The Chinese and the Indonesian governments entered into a spirited exchange of protests, accusations, and threats by innuendo. Already, according to Peking, there have been "bloody incidents," incidents that Jakarta claims are merely military "excesses," regrettable, of course, but provoked by the Chinese themselves.

Standoff

Both Jakarta and Peking will probably seek to avoid an open break in relations. For the moment, there does not appear to be a great deal that Peking can do except to continue to protest. It is improbable that it would launch a punitive expedition. It can, of course, block trade and stop aid. But Indonesia's China trade is a small fraction of its total, and China's aid—$36.4 million offered to date—is negligible in the context of the $1-billion-plus total that Indonesia has received from all foreign sources.

Jakarta fears Chinese retaliation, not so much in the immediate future as in a couple of years, since China's progress is swift and its memory long. If only for that reason, Jakarta feels compelled to eliminate the menace of a Chinese "fifth column" completely and soon. Jakarta may also make certain adjustments in domestic and foreign affairs. Diversionary and inconclusive moves toward a new rapport with the West, offsetting moves toward greater rapport with the Soviet bloc, oblique moves to placate Peking, stepped-up domestic programs of "socialization" and "nationalization" at whatever cost to economic and political stability—this, unhappily, is the established pattern. It is one that bitter experience with Communist China is more apt to stiffen than to relax. The question today, as it was one, or two, or three years ago, is, "How much longer can all this go on?" The commonest answer even in Indonesia is, "Not much longer—but still, who knows?"

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Our Movie Mythology

DORE SCHARY

If we as a people are inclined to look for happy endings, it is perhaps because we are accustomed to them. To this day, whatever its distortions, the success story is the American goal. We believe that obstacles are made to be overcome, that Americans *do* scale unscalable mountains and cross impossible rivers, and that although we don't like wars, we never lose one.

All this has been reflected in American culture in a number of ways, but surely the most dramatic representation of the American dream and its folk heroes has appeared in our motion pictures. None of us has to be reminded how integral a part of American culture the motion picture has become, for good and for ill. Spell it with a small "c," if you like, but the relevance of the movies to the American scene and the American character cannot be denied. And if we are inclined to consider the earlier movies naïve, let us be prepared to admit the same about our countrymen and about ourselves. Through the years, the American screen has acted as a mirror of the American character, a mirror not without flaws but nevertheless a mirror. Let us examine some of its reflections.

I don't think it is any accident that the most durable and best patronized type of movie is the Western. Westerns continue to be made for the simple reason that customers flock to see them, and producers know they have a steady market for them. One Western may vary infinitesimally from another; it doesn't seem to matter. I think it is because the Western stirs in all of us pride and admiration for our own heritage—a heritage we owe to the men of a new nation who carved its history with tomahawk and knife and secured it with shotgun and raw endurance. The details of an individual Western are secondary; what is irresistible, apparently, is that the old, beloved tale of a good man winning over insurmountable odds, defeating the bad man in an honorable way, is being retold. In a way, we are repeatedly honoring the heroes who were our forebears; it is a kind of ritual offering to their memory.

As Americans, we love a hero, a winner, a champion. It is not in the American character to be drawn to a loser, no matter how honorably he lost. This may not be good, but it is true all the same. We are impatient of anything short of success.

Since this country was not settled except for scattered Indian tribes, conquering the wilderness was a job for strong and courageous young men. So the young, strong, courageous man has become our symbol, and the Western is perhaps the ideal method of perpetuating it. Most of the prime television time is devoted to Westerns nowadays, no matter how dreary some of them are. The great Western classics of the screen remain on many of the all-time-best lists, starting away back with *The Great Train Robbery*, on through *The Iron Horse, The Covered Wagon, Stage Coach, The Big Country, Shane, Giant, Red River,* and *High Noon*. And of course, the redoubtable *Virginian*. And the end, my friends, is nowhere in sight.

Not surprisingly, the most durable stars in the history of the screen are male. Not only male, but strong, rugged types, starting with William S. Hart and Tom Mix right down to Gary Cooper, John Wayne, Gregory Peck, Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster, and Alan Ladd. These men represent, or at one time represented, the ideal. Audiences never seem to tire of them. The phenomenon of the Western's durability has not been lost on shrewd actors whom at first glance you would not associate with the Western type. James Stewart, for example, returned to the screen after the war in a series of Westerns, beginning with *Winchester*. Unlikely casting though it might have seemed, he became a bigger star than ever. Spencer Tracy made the switch with great success. And so did James Cagney and Tyrone Power. And Bogart, in *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*. Everybody *has* to try a Western—from Wallace Beery to Marlon Brando.

Every so often a different breed of star appears, of the type Charles Ray represented, or Wallace Reid. Today I can think of Cary Grant, or perhaps David Niven. Quiet, well-mannered fellows all, but their real appeal lies in the fact that they usually have been called upon, three-quarters of the way through the picture, to abandon those qualities and emerge, however

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apologetically, as "heroes." I recall Jimmy Stewart in *Destry Rides Again,* and all the old Harold Lloyd films, and Charles Ray in *The Egg Crate Wallop.* And in a fairly recent film, *The Big Country,* the entire point of the picture was the leading character's aversion to settling disputes with violence. He was played by Gregory Peck. It was a fascinating idea, but you know as well as I do exactly what Mr. Peck was doing in the last reel. He and Charlton Heston were clobbering each other, and the audience was satisfied that Peck was a handy man with his fists after all, just as it had hoped.

THE AMERICAN preoccupation with violence and crime was never more manifest than during the cycle of gangster pictures. The development of the public attitude toward the bootlegger can be traced, not surprisingly, in the movies of the time. At first the bootlegger was an amiable enough fellow who went amiably about his business, purveying his wares to his neighbors while the forces of law and order tolerantly looked the other way. Or he was back from the First World War, having learned nothing but how to shoot Germans, to find his girl had betrayed him, no job waiting, and so forth. But not until the Capone empire became so enormous and so deadly did Americans realize what had been bred in their midst. Some of the better gangster films attempted to be honest exposés of the gunmen and racketeers, showing the cruelty and viciousness of the system and the men who comprised it, but almost always the portraits turned out to be sympathetic. Why? I think it was because audiences secretly (or not so secretly, come to think of it) admired the gangsters' supposed manliness and ruggedness, and the easy way in which they kicked over the traces—something that all of us, sometime or other, have a hankering to do, even if we do not have the nerve or gall to go through with it. Big stars were created in that milieu: Cagney in *Public Enemy,* when he pushed a grapefruit into Mae Clarke's face; Muni in *Scarface,* Bogart in *The Petrified Forest,* Robinson in *Little Caesar.*

The real gangsters of the era met their match in the men of the FBI, and the battle was joined on the screen as well. The forces of justice —the G-Men—became the new strong men of the screen. And who were the actors playing them? The same fellows who had played the gangsters: Robinson, Cagney, Bogart & Co. And never were the American ideals of law and order, fair play, strong male personalities, justice, and violence mixed into a more palatable brew.

Again, in the gangster cycle, the stars who emerged were men. All through movie history, this emergence of the powerful male figure as an idol is evident, and it is true in other walks of American life. We constantly reiterate our adoration of the virtues of courage, strength, endurance, and masculinity in our hero worship of sports figures. The tendency is sometimes carried to ridiculous lengths. Endurance for its own sake is so admired that we find ourselves paying respectful attention not only to Channel swimmers but also to flagpole sitters or people who can dance the longest period without dropping in their tracks or eat the tallest stack of pancakes at a sitting. Anyone who can do anything longer, faster, bigger, higher, wetter, hotter, colder, or easier than anybody else is automatically a hero. He exemplifies achievement. Even when our heroes are out-and-out fakes, as in the wrestling matches on TV, we cheer on our favorites, we identify our villains, though we see the fraud perpetrated before our eyes.

AGAIN AND AGAIN the dominance of the male shows up in any analysis of the American character. Consider the number of films that have dealt with the admiration, affection, and love between two men. Immediately we think of the two-man teams motion pictures have produced: Gable and Tracy, Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas, Cagney and Pat O'Brien. And away back, Jack Holt and Ralph Graves, Richard Dix and David Butler, Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery, Karl Dane and George K. Arthur—even Laurel and Hardy. In all the pictures these teams made, a girl, of course, figured in the proceedings, but she usually ran a poor third to the two men. You certainly remember that in the Westerns of not so long ago, the hero remained respectfully distant from the girl, and at the story's end he was permitted to bestow a chaste kiss not on the girl but on his horse.

I hazard the guess that if you were to ask most Americans to name the twenty movies they found most memorable, there would be very few love stories on the list. Chances are, most lists would include such films as *From Here to Eternity, The Best Years of Our Lives, The Informer, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, All Quiet on the Western Front,* and perhaps the current *Ben-Hur,* whose main emotional stories involve men —Ben-Hur and Messala in one instance, and Ben-Hur and Quintus in the other.

You may be struck by the fact, as I am, that five of the six pictures I just referred to are in some sense war pictures. Inadvertently I have underlined another illustration of the American appetite for violence. It has been my experience, too, that although American audiences go to see good and often bad war movies, they resist documentary films on the same subject, in spite of the fact that several extraordinary ones have been made. I can only account for this by suggesting that while we do not exactly shrink from hard, cold facts, we prefer them dished up as fiction, letting ourselves become involved emotionally rather than intellectually. The very best movies succeed in involving audiences both ways.

It is an accurate assessment of the American character to say that it is suspicious of anything smacking of the "intellectual." The brainy man is considered effete, somehow lacking in character; there's something almost un-American about him. This belief has gained currency as a corollary to our worship of brawn, muscle, stamina—what we consider the masculine traits. Why the egghead should be ridiculed and the cowpoke revered is one of the mysteries that perhaps can be solved by looking at our heritage. The feeling seems to be that all the quiet, brainy man can do is sit around and talk a subject to death. The man of action (our hero) is a man of few words, and he Gets Things Done—with his fists, probably, or with his trusty six-shooter. Back in the old days, the frontiersmen didn't *debate* the fine points of rustling cattle. When they

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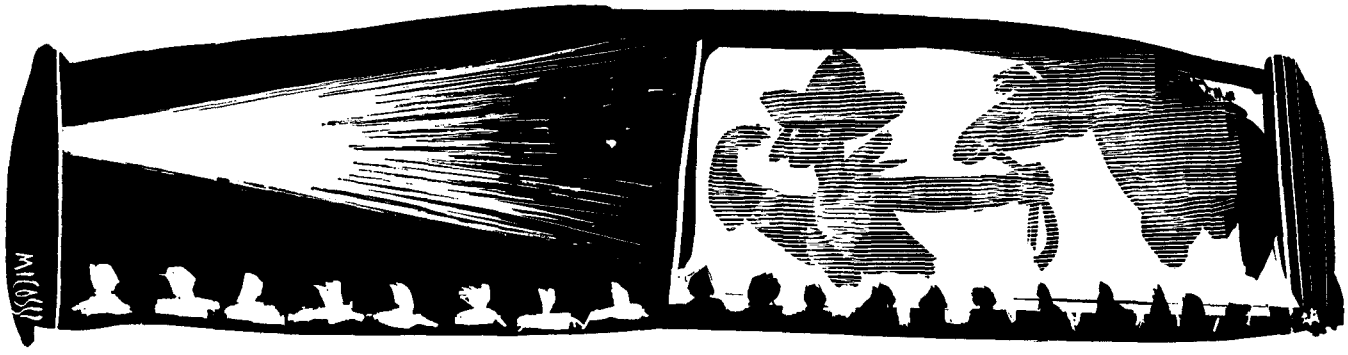

caught a rustler or a horse thief, they strung him up from the nearest tree and that was that. Extreme offenses called for extreme measures in a time when men lived constantly on the brink of extinction. The concept of the vigilantes arose out of sheer necessity in a West without law, but it still survives today, even when there are laws with teeth in them. Occasional lynchings furnish deplorable proof of this.

I DO NOT MEAN to suggest only unattractive elements in the American character. One of the strongest instincts we have is the sense of fair play. We hate a bully. We champion the underdog. We protect the defenseless. We believe in the "fair shake"—a peculiarly American phrase. Sometimes our feelings about these things are demonstrated in odd ways. One incident comes to mind about the time we were making *Crossfire*. The central character had little to recommend him; he was a triple murderer, brutal and menacing. In the original script, this man got his comeuppance when he was machine-gunned by a group of MPs. From a story point of view, he was only getting his just deserts, and we shot the scene as it was written. I learned that it is a mistake to overstate retribution. The first audience that saw this version didn't like it. And they didn't like it because the character, terrible as he was, was trapped like a rat, and the audience thought it was reprehensible for *anybody* to be made to die that way. We redid the ending and dispatched the man with a single shot under "fair" circumstances.

Americans normally have an aversion to informers, to stool pigeons. Also in *Crossfire*, it was vital to the capture of the villain that one of his Army buddies provide information about him. Quite in the American character, he balked. Still, he had to be persuaded, and we had to rewrite the scene carefully so that he could, in good conscience, give the information. "You're not informing," the boy is told by an Army major; "you're serving justice." It is very difficult to sympathize with a man who has betrayed a friend, or thinks he has, and no matter how you try to justify it, you never quite succeed. This was even true of the gangster pictures. I remember *Scarface* vividly, and particularly the sequence in which Paul Muni was battling a lot of policemen. The audience, believe it or not, was rooting for the gangster, not because they admired or respected this despicable character but because the odds were against him. It's a cockeyed kind of sportsmanship, maybe, but it's sportsmanship.

THERE IS a strain of healthy cynicism in Americans, along with their somewhat romantic view of themselves. It is detectable especially in the realm of politics and public figures. We tend to think of most politicians as corrupt or at least corruptible. We accept this belief in the spirit of amusement, and we resign ourselves to our political leaders and our statesmen with the offhand philosophy that after all they are the best of a bad lot. I suppose this view stems directly from the frontier attitude—a good-natured acceptance of the checked-vest, self-seeking politicos of that disorganized period in our history. The lavish promises, the baby kissing, and the funny hats appealed to isolated, uninformed people who loved nothing better than a good show. And in those days, shows were few and far between. If the show was good, it was enough; you didn't have to believe it. And all it cost you was your vote. That opinion of politicians remains to this day, right or wrong, good or bad. Some excellent men have remained in political obscurity because of the low esteem in which we hold politicians. It is the price we've paid for our cynicism.

Americans also have a strange but sneaking admiration for con men and resourceful hucksters who live by their wits, getting something for nothing and operating (correctly) on the Barnum theory that there's one born every minute. The admiration goes back, I think, to our esteem for the loner, the man on his own who makes up his own rules, plays the long shots, and sees them pay off. Even the victim can only gasp in admiring outrage at how he has been taken. He chalks it up to experience and does little else, because by now the hoaxer is well on his way out of town. The victim concedes, ruefully and with a kind of respect, that he has been outsmarted. Americans do go by this curious rule, and it is another facet of our highly competitive natures. The hustler has always been a folk character, colorful, breezy, friendly, and larcenous, and we are usually pleased to see him get away with it. We are pleased and amused to read that the Brooklyn Bridge is still changing ownership regularly, that iceboxes are being sold to Eskimos, and that there's still a brisk business in the gold-brick trade. The great W. C. Fields became a major star by portraying this typically American character in a number of memorable film variations on the same theme. We immediately warm to the character because he's a go-getter, enterprising and indomitable. And it's fun to be fooled. Let him not get caught, though. Once that happens, he's no smarter than the rest of us and we have no use for him, and no more affection. Because he's a cheat and a liar? No; because he isn't very good at it.

The honest go-getter still wins the

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affection of Americans today, just as surely as he did in the days of Horatio Alger. Today, the American Dream has been taken over by the Madison Avenue contingent, which has sure-fire ways of educating all of us in what we must like, what we must want, and even what we are. The Dream gets a little nightmarish now and then, because it has come to seem that the ideal state is for all of us Americans to be exactly alike and to want exactly the same things —always *things*—in endless quantity.

WHAT OTHER purely American characteristics can we find reflected in our culture? Let's look again at our champions, our hero figures. We are very jealous of them, and will not permit them to deviate for very long from our carefully circumscribed portrait of them. We can be fickle if they disappoint us. When he was champion, Dempsey was not popular, for reasons relating to the time; he did things, or failed to do things, which as champion we expected of him. But Dempsey was defeated by Gene Tunney, who also was not very popular as champion because he was so unlike the American idea of one. He read Shakespeare and was otherwise an educated man; Americans didn't quite know what to make of him. He was a gentleman, which in our book just didn't square with his being heavyweight champion of the world. As a result, Dempsey became more popular after he lost the championship, mainly because we didn't approve of the new champion. On the other hand, Babe Ruth, a real immortal, had all the stuff. He still holds the all-time home-run record, and in addition he was everything we demanded of a champion. He was a hard drinker, battled with his bosses, had a weakness for the ladies, and ingratiated himself with kids. He was a natural, and nobody in baseball has ever replaced him.

Such is our regard for the dominant male, the recurring motif in our cultural pattern. It's interesting that we have few legendary women in our folklore. Beyond Barbara Frietchie and Molly Pitcher, it is hard to enumerate many women whom we venerate as heroines. And these two, curiously enough, are remembered for doing things that were decidedly unfeminine; they were brave and they were defiant, both masculine qualities.

IF I HAVE SUGGESTED that man's appetite for woman has been neglected during the history of the motion picture, let me hasten to correct the impression. In fact, the very first motion picture to attract any kind of attention was a short, curious little item called *The Kiss*. The film was simple to the point of imbecility, but it did show a man kissing a woman. And to this day, men are kissing women in movies with as much enthusiasm as ever—more, judging from certain films that don't worry too much about the Production Code. Our biggest female stars over the years reached their peak as sex symbols: from Theda Bara and Nita Naldi, through Clara Bow, on to Joan Crawford, Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, Elizabeth Taylor, and Marilyn Monroe. The healthy animalism of these women is still one of the major foundations on which the American film industry rests. How long we can hold the movies in bounds against the flood of sex detail, bosoms, and bordellos that has inundated our books and magazines is a question that interests critics and

audiences. Nothing could be more explicit than a movie—and what business it could mean!

However, there is an even longer list of women who represent other qualities. When women in movies have not been caricatures of the red-hot momma, they have tended to be unapproachable symbols of matronly purity. The refined, almost unattainable symbol of woman on a pedestal has been personified by such people as Mary Pickford, the Gish sisters, Janet Gaynor, Irene Dunne, Greer Garson, Loretta Young, Katharine Hepburn, and Grace Kelly. This "pure" woman figure was more natural to the American character as it developed. The lone frontiersman of the American past saw so little of women as a rule that they became a sort of unrealized ideal and an overworked stereotype. Mother was always there cooking a hot meal and ready to forgive us even if we robbed, murdered, and raped. A picture years ago that showed a mother turning her boy over to the FBI failed to make the grade because Mom couldn't do that.

It is only fair to point out here that even in the early movie days, a slim, golden thread of genuine artistry ran through the homespun fabric of the average motion-picture output—with films such as *The Crowd* and *Hallelujah!* through the years to *East of Eden* and *The Nun's Story*, demonstrating a genuine awareness of the more elusive facets of life. It is equally fair to point out that these films were highly appreciated in their time by American audiences—the same audiences, incidentally, whose movie habit had grown so strong that to satisfy it, hundreds of films of no cultural value except to historians filled the movie screens. Here, the movies were no worse offenders than the run-of-the-mill potboilers turned out by book publishers —books that contributed little to America's understanding of itself. But the point is that both fields reflected America's taste and its lack of interest in its position in the world scene.

AS AMERICA HAS GROWN, it has become more and more complex. The movies are growing complex too, reflecting the shifting colors of the country, its growing subtleties, its changing patterns. The current and upcoming crop of motion pictures offers a number of provocative and unfettered comments on the world about us. Audiences demand it now. America is growing up, and is able at last to take a grown-up look at itself, based less on past accomplishments and more on the awareness that we are part of a bigger world.

Our culture, including the motion picture, which has accurately portrayed American character in the past, will continue to keep pace. Let us hope that it will reflect an America that has come of age creatively, politically, and emotionally.

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'A Singularitie of Voice'

NAT HENTOFF

"THE COUNTERTENOR," explains British composer Michael Tippett, an admirer of that rare phenomenon, "is a male alto voice of what would be regarded now as exceptional range and facility. It is the voice for which Bach wrote alto arias in the church cantatas. Purcell, who himself was a countertenor, gave to the voice some of his finest airs. To my ear, it is extremely moving as almost no emotional irrelevancies distract from the absolutely pure quality of the production. It is like no other sound in music and no other sound is so intrinsically musical."

In 1943, Tippett introduced to London concert audiences the first virtuoso countertenor of this century, Alfred Deller. A former furniture salesman from Kent, Deller has been a major force ever since in reviving interest in music that had been written specifically for a type of voice apparently nearly extinct for the past hundred and fifty years.

Deller's recordings—most of them on Vanguard and its affiliate, Bach Guild—have had substantial American sales and prepared the way for three successful tours here by him, the most recent having ended in December. A tall, sturdy man with black hair and a modified Vandyke beard, he looks considerably younger than his forty-seven years. He sings with what appears to be effortless precision, letting an Elizabethan song flow out with penetrating clarity of line and intensity of sound. It was a voice like Deller's that traveler Thomas Coryate described in telling of a singer he had heard at a feast in Venice some three hundred and fifty years ago: ". . . such a purenesse and . . . such a supernaturall voice for sweetnesse, that I think there was never a better singer in all the world . . . nature doth more commonly bestow such a singularitie of voice upon boyes and striplings, than upon men of such yeares."

By temperament, Deller prefers what he terms the "inner intensity" of the music for which the countertenor is best suited. "The emotions come from within in pre-romantic songs," he observes, "and there is no need for the more subjective, extrovertish voice quality that came to be demanded in the nineteenth century by the increase in orchestral color."

THE SECULAR USE of the countertenor, the most popular voice of the seventeenth century, had begun to disappear by the early nineteenth century as female contraltos assumed its parts. The voice was kept alive principally in English churches. "All Anglican choirs," says Deller, "are composed of boys and men; and the alto parts, particularly in cathedral choirs, have always been taken by countertenors. There, however, the countertenor fulfilled a rather utilitarian function." The countertenor was actually not heard again as a serious musical instrument in England until the advent of Deller.

(Since then, a few other countertenors have been heard regularly in concert performances in Europe and America, the most notable being the American Russell Oberlin.)

In his choice of material, Deller has always been careful "not to invade the modern repertory of the contralto. There is, in any case, a wealth of songs for the countertenor, my own favorites including the whole of the English lutanist school, the Purcell solo songs and odes, Handel's oratorio and operatic arias, and Bach cantatas. That's where we finish. And we really start with Guillaume de Machaut of the fourteenth century." The only modern works Deller sings are those written specifically for him by, among others, Wilfred Mellers and Racine Fricker.

Deller discovered he was a countertenor by accident. Born in Margate, Kent, some fifty miles south of London, he was the youngest son in a family of seven. His father, a professional gymnast, taught boxing and fencing at private schools. There was no musical tradition in the family, but Deller became a boy soprano in the local parish choir when he was ten. Six years later, he was still singing soprano roles in *Messiah* at the same church. The choirmaster had never heard a boy soprano voice last so long, and not wanting to be responsible for any harm done to it, told Deller to leave the choir and rest his voice. In a couple of months, so strikingly successful was Deller in a local performance by a blackface minstrel troupe that he was invited back to the choir to sing alto.

"Although I didn't know it then," Deller recalls, "that was the beginning of my career as a countertenor. I'd had no musical training and knew nothing of the historical background of the countertenor. All I knew was that I was singing naturally."

When Deller was eighteen, a Margate lady took him to sing for the president of the Royal College of Music in London. "I've always been grateful to him," says Deller, "because he told me the results I was getting were remarkable, and he would not interfere. Most other teachers, I've since discovered, would have tried to make me develop a supposedly more normal chest range and I would have become a mediocre baritone. After I had sung for him for fifteen minutes, he devoted the rest of the hour to teaching me a series of breathing exercises. I gave him about three dollars for the lesson and that's all the tuition I've ever had."

AT FIFTEEN Deller had started work in his native Margate as a furniture salesman and continued that work when he was asked four years later to join a professional choir at the Anglican church of St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea in Sussex. He eventually married his employer's daughter there. They have three children—Jane, ten; Simon, seventeen; and Mark, twenty-one. Mark is also a countertenor and has recently completed his studies at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was a

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choral scholar for three years. "He will definitely go into music," says Deller with a mock sigh, "despite his father's warnings."

After his first child was born, Deller was appointed a lay clerk—a professional gentleman of the choir—at Canterbury Cathedral in Kent, but continued to sell furniture during the day. A pacifist during the war, he chose farm work, and for five years bicycled into town from his job as a laborer to sing the services. During his time as a lay clerk, Deller began to study the whole library of polyphonic music. "I was twenty-eight before I saw just where the countertenor fitted into the musical picture. Until then, I'd had very little professional encouragement or understanding of what I was trying to do. While on the farm, I worked on a large area of Purcell and a friend gave me two volumes of songs by Thomas Dowland. A new world had opened for me."

Deller is proud if amused by the fact that he has never practiced in his life. "I have never set out to sing a vocal exercise. I believe that more harm has been done voices by exercises than in any other way. My range is two octaves going down to the E below middle C. Unlike most modern tenors, I did not work from my chest voice upwards, but rather from the top down to develop flexibility in fast-moving passages."

DELLER has been one of those chiefly responsible for a general revival of interest in the music of the Elizabethan period. "The time," he believes, "has never been equaled for the setting of language. One can look through the entire musical literature of Dowland and Purcell and not find a single false emphasis."

Since 1943, a growing number of listeners in Britain, Europe, and America have agreed with Deller's estimation of the period. In that year, Michael Tippett was preparing a series of concerts of major Purcell works and wondering how to solve the problem of the leading voice. He heard of a countertenor in Canterbury, traveled there, and brought Deller to London, where he moved permanently in 1947, finally abandoning the furniture business and becoming a member of the choir at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Deller was one of the performers on the first program in 1946 of the BBC Third Program, and has been on that series regularly ever since. Whenever he has time from his concert tours—he travels frequently in Europe—he teaches in London. He has heard three or four young countertenors in the past ten years who he thinks have potential as professionals. "The possibilities of paying the rent, however, outside of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral are limited."

In 1950, Deller formed the Deller Consort of six voices—two sopranos, a countertenor, two tenors, and a baritone. "I wanted authentic performances of madrigals and other polyphonic music. Up to then, madrigals were usually performed by choirs of thirty to forty and more mixed voices. And they had contraltos rather than contratenors. I wanted to get back to the subtlety and intimacy of performance that one gets from a string quartet. By being only six and doing almost everything *a cappella*, we are, of course, much more exposed. But I selected the voices very carefully, matching them not only as to timbre but also in terms of musicianship and style."

In the next two months, Vanguard, for whom Deller now records exclusively, will release a second volume by the Deller Consort of catches and glees of the Restoration, as well as Deller's history of the rise of the solo song and a volume of folk tunes arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams. Deller's folk albums sell remarkably well.

A SELECTED ALFRED DELLER DISCOGRAPHY

Bach, *Cantata No. 170; Cantata No. 54;* Vanguard-Bach Guild 550
Elizabethan and Jacobean Music, Vanguard-Bach Guild 539
The English Madrigal School, Volumes 1-4, with the Deller Consort, Vanguard-Bach Guild 553, 554, 577, 578
Tallis, *The Lamentations of Jeremiah the Prophet* and *Five Hymns for Alternating Plainsong and Polyphony,* with the Deller Consort, Vanguard-Bach Guild 551
William Byrd and His Age, Vanguard-Bach Guild 557
English Lute Songs and *Six In Nomines,* Vanguard-Bach Guild 576
Music of Henry Purcell, Jenkins and Locke, Vanguard-Bach Guild 547
Homage to Henry Purcell, Bach Guild 570/571
Purcell, *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.* Vanguard-Bach Guild 559
Purcell, *Come Ye Sons of Art,* Oiseau-Lyre 50166
Purcell, *Welcome to All the Pleasures,* and John Blow, *Ode on the Death of Henry Purcell,* Vanguard-Bach Guild 590
Shakespeare Songs, Angel 45016
Tavern Songs, Catches, Glees and Other Diverse Entertainments of Merrie England, with the Deller Consort, Vanguard-Bach Guild 561
The Cries of London, with the Deller Consort, Vanguard-Bach Guild 564
The Three Ravens: Songs of Folk and Minstrelsy out of Elizabethan England, Vanguard 479
The Holly and the Ivy: Christmas Carols of Old England, with the Deller Consort, Vanguard 499
The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies: Folk Songs and Ballads of Elizabethan England, Vanguard 1001
Western Wind and Other English Folk Songs and Ballads, Vanguard 1031
Italian Songs for Solo Voice, Vanguard-Bach Guild 565
Monteverdi, *Madrigali Amorosi,* with the Deller Consort, Vanguard-Bach Guild 579

ON HIS LAST American tour, Deller was pleased and surprised to find that among those six cities where he set a box-office record for the current classical season were places like Columbus, Baltimore, and Richmond. He is particularly popular in colleges and universities, but everywhere he sings, Deller attracts a sizable proportion of young listeners. "The reason, I expect, is their two-way interest in early baroque and in modern music. They have chosen to sidestep the romantics, and they find an affinity between the music we sing and certain contemporary works because of the absolute economy in scoring and purity of sound in both. I think the more sensitive and intelligent among the young have had just about enough of Turkish-bath music. They no longer want their ears invaded by an oozy wash of sound and prefer instead to hear counterpoint, to hear the architecture of the music."

"I suppose it sounds naïve," Deller said on his last afternoon in New York a few weeks ago, "but the compliment I've most appreciated in America came from an eighteen-year-old girl backstage in Columbus. She told me that hearing the music had made her feel 'all clean inside.' You know, it is quite gratifying to be able to transmit that feeling."

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A Paris Playbill

HENRY POPKIN

PARIS

ALTHOUGH political life has recently produced an unusual share of drama in France, the attractions of the theater itself have been holding their own. Quality has been high, and even the number of plays is startling. An advertisement in the theater programs not long ago listed fifty-five productions; that is approximately the number of Broadway and off-Broadway theaters put together, and the advertisement omits the three national state-controlled theaters, each of which has several plays in repertory. And Paris, remember, is one-third the size of New York.

The theater is not only more abundant here; it is more controversial as well. Last fall, a pitched battle was fought over Jean-Paul Sartre's new play, *The Prisoners of Altona*. The skirmishing began even before the opening, when Minister of Culture André Malraux paused in his tour of Latin America to attack Sartre's war record. The play itself had a subject that seemed unlikely to win favor—the troubled conscience of a German veteran of the Second World War. Sartre alerted new opponents by suggesting that he intended to convey some criticism of French policy in Algeria.

The play is long and slow, but its movement is clear enough. Its chief strength is in its pungent observations of the nature of guilt, many of them expressed by the German officer. Of course, *The Prisoners* was hurt by its length and by uneven performances. (It is reported that the play was originally six hours long and that Simone de Beauvoir cut it for Sartre; after the opening it was shortened to 3½ hours.) In performance, the emphasis falls on heroic arias. This principle works well enough when the electrifying Serge Reggiani speaks the hero's lines, but it flounders when anything is required of the actress who plays his overaffectionate sister. An unusual number of critics found it necessary to ask for copies of the script.

The reviewers for the daily papers were displeased with the play's length, with the production, with the heady talk, and with what they took to be Sartre's effort to minimize German guilt. The critic of *Le Monde* observed that the play "had nothing theatrical but the name." The cruelest reviewer was Jean-Jacques Gautier of *Figaro,* who found himself "choked by grandiose pretension, astounding platitude, and gibberish." *Figaro's* cartoonist showed a man who had grown old during the performance.

The reviews in the weeklies were much better. The leftist *L'Express,* the nonpolitical *Arts,* and the conservative *Carrefour* all agreed that it was a serious and important work. In *L'Express,* the regular critic published a laudatory review, François Mauriac defended Sartre against Gautier's attack in *Figaro,* and the brilliant cartoonist Siné filled his weekly strip with imbecile drawings designed to explain the play to Gautier; this paper's brief theater list now calls *The Prisoners* "the most important of Sartre's plays."

THE OTHER leading dramatists of the season have been Jean Genet and Jean Anouilh. Genet's *The Blacks* has had good notices and is enjoying a successful run. This unconventional drama shuffles and reshuffles the relations between Negroes and whites. The plot, such as it is, does not advance very fast, but both action and language are savage, poetic, and ingenious to a remarkable degree. Violence and lyricism are admirably conveyed by a fresh, energetic all-Negro company from

North Africa, amiably portraying Genet's conception of the savage hatred the Negro has for the white.

Anouilh's *Becket* is more consistently amiable. It is everybody's favorite—a great spectacle and a quite respectable play without much substance at the center. Flats shoot skyward as the scenery changes, the Pope and a cardinal slide in on moving chairs from opposite sides of the stage, the archbishop and his king ride toy horses with wagging tails. The production omits a shipboard scene (present in the published version) that would have permitted even more theatrical ingenuity, but there is already theatricality enough and to spare. *Arts* recommends *Becket* to people who want to forget Sartre and the political crisis; I think that suggestion captures the spirit of the play.

If *Becket* is more a show than a play, the same author's *La Petite Molière* (which might be translated "That Molière Woman" or "Molière's Little Wife") is an even better show with even fewer pretensions as a play. Originally, *La Petite Molière* was intended to be a film script, and, in consequence, although the dialogue is by Anouilh, the "scenario" is by Anouilh and Roland Laudenbach. Since the play is directed and performed by Jean-Louis Barrault at the government-subsidized Théâtre de France, no effort is spared to imitate the fluidity of films. Scenes are always short, and indoor and outdoor sets succeed one another with great rapidity. For certain intimate scenes the actors get behind a frame, which is supposed to correspond to the film screen. On one occasion, three characters are presumably bouncing up and down as they ride in a coach, while scenery flashes by the windows; in another framed

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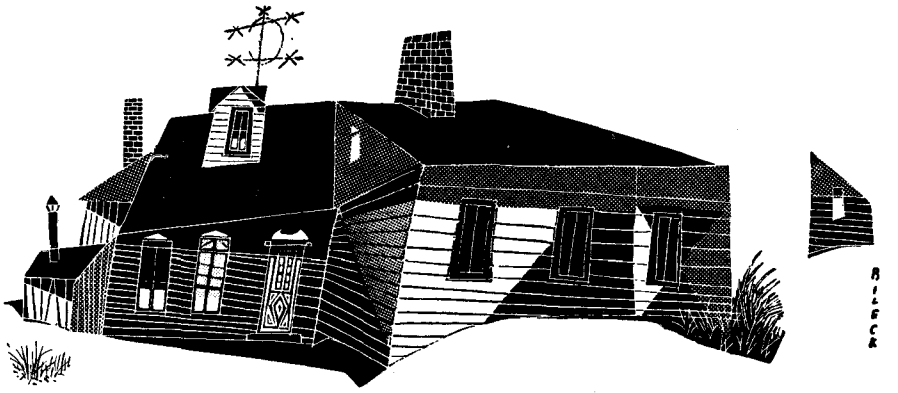
scene, Molière and his mistress (played by Barrault and his wife, Madeleine Renaud) are in bed. Two scenes end with the equivalent of a close-up: the spotlight is on Molière's puzzled face. Puppets are employed with skill. Some *commedia dell'arte* actors perform in the background of an outdoor scene. But the most spectacular sight is kept nearly for the last—a beautiful prospect of the gardens of Versailles. One more striking visual effect is yet to follow—the pageant of Molière's costumes as they are put away after his death. In this play, performance and staging are everything.

Aside from Barrault's Théâtre de France, there are two other resident repertory companies—Jean Vilar's Théâtre National Populaire, and the Comédie Française, which is now going through an unhappy period of change. One responsible morning paper has recommended that the Comédie disband. Better things can be said of a nonresident company that has now returned to its home base at Lyons. Its director, Roger Planchon, won a brilliant success during his months in Paris, and as a reward he has been put in charge of the Théâtre Populaire in the provinces. In the last few months, his company has provided exciting productions of Shakespeare's *Henry IV* plays and *The Three Musketeers.* Planchon's specialty, which he seems to have learned from Bertolt Brecht, is frankly exposing great men and pretentious circumstances. He has shown us the king of England relishing the memory of his past wickedness, the Archbishop of York tyrannizing over his servants and gobbling his food, the Duke of Buckingham dusting a chandelier, and Cardinal Richelieu frying an egg. He himself has preferred to play a more modest outsider who observes some of these exposures—a cynical Prince Hal and a naïve D'Artagnan. This method has turned Shakespeare's patriotic, politically conventional *Henry IV: Part I* into an attack on feudalism, war, and the Church. The result is not at all what Shakespeare had in mind, except that it has life. The comic talent of the young Roger Planchon is one of the happiest of many happy signs in the current French theater.

BOOKS



The One-Generation House

ALBERT BUSH-BROWN

The Second Treasury of Contemporary Houses, selected by the Editors of *Architectural Record*, New York: *F. W. Dodge Corp. $7.75.*

Husbands are well acquainted with the housebound wife this harsh season who shifts furniture and curses oppressive walls in wistful attempts at bursting a confinement no cruise folder, no flower show or symphony concert, not even last summer's Kodachromes, quite relieves. Winter tests a house, but not so unmercifully as a lady armed with the *Architectural Record's* newest *Treasury of Contemporary Houses* and zealously intent upon pushing its idea of living better by living modern. She may find in its photographs of forty-four recent houses sufficient attractive kitchens, playrooms, cabinets, gardens, patios, and spacious living rooms to feed rebellion well past spring's last muddy thaw.

Having assuaged my own wife by an expensive promise she refuses to forget, I unsportingly warn my brethren about three especially persuasive houses. One, which Ulrich Franzen designed for his own family, stands in the woods at Rye, New York; its two diamond-shaped trussed roofs hover above warm terraces and an unobstructed, light-filled platform where the kitchen gracefully rests at the social center of the entire plan. From Sarasota comes Victor Lundy's design for expansive Florida living with great sweeps of wood vaults sinuously sheltering an H-shaped plan that surrounds a circular living room. Northwest, at Medford, Oregon, George Rockrise perched a house on a conical hill overlooking the Rogue River Valley; bedrooms in the east wing of a U-shaped plan combine with family rooms at the west and the living-dining area at the north to form a southern entrance court, or atrium, which Lawrence Halprin tastefully landscaped with trees, fountains, and pebble surfaces.

Beguiling though they are, those houses provoke fascinating questions about the direction of American domestic architecture, questions which, if rightly raised, can provide the first line of defense against remodeling or moving. Some of the questions appear in the *Treasury's* introductory essay, Russell Lynes's "The American at Home." In general he is intrigued by what the modern houses say about American character. He observes that they frequently strike blows for experiment and innovation, even eccentricity. They are not intended to become family seats passed down from one generation to the next; they are steppingstones, wayside stops in an incessant social journey made by families who live temporarily upon frontiers: economic, spiritual, cultural, and now a frontier of leisure, which like the others will be settled, then abandoned. Lynes notes the leveling informality, the patio, the

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barbecue pit, the open-neck floral shirt; he wonders about isolating children in special wings where they may express themselves yet remain observable, in remote bedrooms and playrooms devoid of nooks and hiding places and what the English call "Wendy corners." He remarks that the kitchen, long obscured, has now been returned to the family as an adjunct to the living room, permitting mothers to cook yet, ambivalently, stay at the party. He asks whether nature, heretofore excluded but now a permanent guest, has become idolized by a people long deprived in urban huddles.

But the diversionary questions need not stop with the introduction. Just how good, really, are the *Treasury's* forty-four houses? Even a hasty leafing through the more than four hundred illustrations provides some heartening experiences. Eliot Noyes's two-zone plan sandwiching a lovely garden provides privacy, light, and convenience in the bedroom wing while the dining, living, study, and kitchen *areas* (not rooms) stand in the parallel wing. Sophisticated contrasts of materials—well-proportioned windows set in rugged walls of stone—are not permitted to diminish practical convenience; e.g., a deep overhang shelters the western expanse of glass. That the study is exposed to the living area, that one must walk through the open garden (protected only by a canopy over the path) to reach the bedrooms, are not inconvenient idiosyncrasies an architect has imposed upon some unsuspecting client; Noyes was his own client and preferred to make concessions in the direction of visual beauty, his prerogative.

WHERE I BECAME rebellious was somewhere around page 39. There a house by Chard Webb, who also was his own client, is featured by many photographs, one full-page and in color. It *is* compact, as the editors say, and its many storage cabinets *are* ingenious; indeed they verge upon flagrant gadgetry. Essentially a box, the house is subdivided into sleeping, dining, and living areas by means of stud partitions that pinwheel outward from the top of a staircase to become fins on the exterior. The arrangement achieves continuity of interior space, but at the cost of privacy, acoustical insulation, definition of special use, serenity, security—the house is busy. Worse yet, the house is ugly; a clutter of unblended shapes, materials, textures, structural systems, colors, and proportions.

But of course it is "modern," and that is the reason for including the house in the book. What is obviously being promoted is a style, including many indifferent examples (for quality is independent of style). Who owns these houses, for example? Ten of the forty-four were designed by architects for themselves; an additional eleven are projections of houses their architects previously built for themselves; at least four more belong to allied professionals: contractors, interior decorators, and artists. Thus we are offered glimpses into the life of a privileged cultural caste whose houses are selected from the three million dwelling units erected in America during the *Treasury's* three-year period. Selected on the basis of quality? No, but because they are modern and photogenic. Admittedly, as in the house by Philip Johnson, pristine elegance is chastely evoked by planar brick walls and sculptural Barcelona chairs; nor will readers be disappointed to see the peasantlike ebullience of Marcel Breuer's piquant fenestrations and constructivist turnbuckle-tensioned trellises. But the stylistic clichés are less rewarding: ceilings all at one height; floors all on one level; boxlike rooms; top lighting; exposed, contorted, or exhibitionary structure; free flows of jumbled spaces; precipitous entrances. These are the hallmarks of a style, not of domesticity.

The houses do not offer any suggestions for forming better cities where future populations may live. One and all, the forty-four are urbanites dressed in tweeds for a country weekend. They are diverse (I agree with the editors in this), but the diversity is an arbitary matter, not a regional choice using local materials and local traditions to wed a house to its soil. We have here a self-conscious constant innovation, allowing no chance for refinement, no opportunity to improve the accommodation of nation-wide machines in houses owned by a servantless society. Not since Wright has an architect achieved originality within a regional idiom.

NOR IS the architecture urban. It is a bucolic testimony to the flight from the city. It suggests that each house should stand alone, an autonomous self-sufficient unit without being part of a neighborhood within a new kind of city. This nineteenth-century attitude fails to realize that the arrangement of spaces among houses, not the houses themselves, makes a community admirable or not. In fine communities, like Louisburg Square on Boston's Beacon Hill for example, houses are simple, anonymous, repeated shapes—continuous walls that shape continuous public spaces. Today we need a modern equivalent, a neighborhood of urbanity, some ideal for shaping the cultural kind of city now emerging. The *Treasury* offers no education on that point.

Rather, it reflects the fact that America has set itself an almost impossible dilemma: how to house a people whose basic social unit is the individual, autonomous, mobile, one-generation family. Will a standard house satisfy the quest for individuality; will a houseful of idiosyncrasies be resalable? Refusing to live where he works, will the American save either the city or the country? Refusing to cluster around churches, schools, restaurants, or bistros, will the American succeed in making his house both a private dwelling and a place of public display and entertainment? In the absence of servants and the proliferation of machines will the American, husband *and* wife, engage in civilized pastimes or be swamped with menialities? Freed from grandmothers, even older neighbors, will American children brush a moment with fancy and fairy tale in the playrooms of the one-generation house?

I propose to ponder these matters in the quiet recesses of a Victorian house, even if spring finds it still unchanged.

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Forging the 'Tools of Control'

A. A. BERLE, JR.

PLANNING FOR FREEDOM: THE PUBLIC LAW OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM, by Eugene V. Rostow. *Yale University Press. $6.*

A measure of planning is accepted as a necessity for American economic life by most serious scholars. Only a last-ditch marginal group of theorists still regards any planning as a threat to democracy, maintaining that freedom can only be preserved by a completely uncontrolled free-market system. Conservatives accept the fact though they boggle at the word. These, while they condemn "planning," support certain forms of control they recognize as necessary and desirable—for instance, the monetary operations of the Federal Reserve. The fact, of course, is that far more of the American economy is "planned" now than the public realizes, though the planning operations are scattered among scores of Washington offices. Plainly the time for a book on planning has arrived.

Mr. Rostow's volume is not that book, though it may prove its forerunner. As dean of the Yale Law School, he has had occasion to lecture on various aspects of government control over the economy during the past decade. He drew these papers together for the Cook Lectures at the University of Michigan. They now appear between covers. The result is a series of essays, all interesting, some brilliant, relating to various aspects of governmental control over our economic system.

PERHAPS the most valuable contribution is his opening affirmation that the economic order is itself a system of public law. It is sound, and one wishes it had been elaborated. The foundation he believes to be definitely capitalist, though capitalism is now guided and restrained by law because ". . . through its historical alliance with political democracy, capitalism has submitted to its own extensive and far-reaching reform." It must also recognize foreign claims upon it. The process compelled forging what Dean Rostow calls "tools of control."

The tools he discusses are familiar. The most important are those of monetary management (entrusted to the Federal Reserve Board) and fiscal policy (chiefly made by the President and administered by the U.S. Treasury, though residual power is in the Congress). These are discussed in chapters on spending and employment, on fiscal policy which permits Keynesian spending to alleviate unemployment and taxation to level off blooms. These, in Mr. Rostow's language, are "primary" tools.

The principal "secondary" tool in his catalogue seems a bit odd. He believes that adequate and vigorous use of the antitrust laws will

preserve or compel competition. This will maintain full employment, except in downturns. He concedes the need for reasonable stability as well but considers that it can be obtained by careful fiscal policy. Flexible price movements under this enforced competition will be useful in "directing the endless redeployment of resources required to permit steady growth in the production of the goods and services the economy can produce most cheaply."

Enforcing competition and inhibiting monopoly power thus becomes in his view an agency of planning. He appears to equate bigness with monopoly. Essentially he would like to break up the largest units in industries like steel and oil; instead of "oligopolies" of three, four, and five big corporations, he would prefer a larger number, say from ten to twenty. He agrees that the foundation for this view is more philosophical than economic. Antitrust laws enforced to the point of breaking up mere bigness (at least to the extent suggested) would, he thinks, protect America against "an oligarchy of the rich" and the menace of overconcentrated economic power. Here he is on untenable ground. Oligopoly does produce an oligarchy of power holders. But they generally are not "rich." And is there much to be gained by exchanging an oligarchy of four or five corporate managements for an oligarchy of ten or twenty? Possibly, but no one knows.

TRADE-UNION organization cannot be ignored in such a study. This problem Mr. Rostow approaches gingerly, with the suggestion that collective bargaining should be adequate provided a balance between flow of goods and flow of funds is struck by fiscal and monetary policy. In such a case ". . . policy might usefully seek wage bargains of considerable variety, resulting in wage schedules which reflected differentials in the productivity of labor in different sectors of the economy and different sections of the country."

There is no suggestion as to how this result could be arrived at. I think it impossible, and it might well be undesirable. Competition between different sectors of the country, on that basis, would involve some surprising elements.

"Planning for freedom," then, boils down to adequate fiscal and monetary policy, plus antitrust law enforcement and fragmentation of industry to a considerably greater degree than exists at present. Mr. Rostow recognizes that the "regulated industries" must be taken into consideration; these are left for further study. At the close we are left with a single thought. If government spending is used to balance fluctuations of the private markets, if the Federal Reserve will control inflation and prevent deflation, and if a highly competitive system is preserved, the American economy will progress and will maintain the philosophical values of a free society. The thesis is ably if sometimes discursively presented. It is well docu-

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mented and frequently draws on the author's wide personal experience in government.

WELL, I wish I could see it. Were this all there is to the problem, life and policymaking would be a great deal simpler. It is not, and is not going to be. There are too many inherent contradictions. Competition does not necessarily steer American economic resources toward the areas of greatest importance. It does not even fill areas of greatest need. Nothing is more competitive, more fragmented, less oligopolistic than real estate and housing. But decent low-income housing has never been provided by that industry; in some areas, it barely meets even middle-income needs.

The garment trades are a small-unit industry, and competition is bitter. The only stability making these trades tolerable either for labor or enterprisers is provided by a (relatively) monopolistic base set by the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union. In my opinion, the oil industry would have been either a complete power monopoly or a fantastic mess had not a stabilization plan been introduced by NRA in 1933 and legislated into permanent law in 1935. The so-called "regulated industries"—which are not limited to railways and electric-light companies but include a huge sector of the American economy—got their regulation largely because competition led only via economic disaster to monopoly or its equivalent. As these industries include most farm products, oil, natural gas, sugar, and many more, as well as transportation by air, land, and sea and all kinds of communication, they cannot be left out of any theory even of quantitative planning.

Dean Rostow is probably the ablest defender of the liberalism, the "New Freedom," whose concepts took form about 1912. This is a noble tradition, claiming among its saints Theodore Roosevelt, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louis D. Brandeis, Woodrow Wilson, and a host of others. The tools they forged were adequate for that period. Many of us are nostalgic for a world that could be thus dealt with. But half a cen-

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tury has brought about new needs. Mr. Rostow says rightly that the social advances of the last hundred years will not destroy our souls. But they call for more adequate social and economic engineering.

Therefore I suggest that Dean Rostow's volume is not the book on planning we are waiting for. Rather it is a statement of a point of view by one of the ablest of a group of men who agree that over-all social planning is needed and believe that monetary policy and Keynesian use of Federal spending plus small-unit capitalist competition will suffice. Essentially this is a reactionary view. Another and growing group thinks that harder realities lie ahead and must be faced.

THE QUANTITATIVE fiscal and monetary controls advocated by Dean Rostow are undeniably sound. But we must not forget that the American economy has become one single national system whether we like it or not. Its various elements must provide goods adequate to demand, and continuous employment for the entire American labor force. It must also recognize a range of priorities—that is, the most pressing wants must always be met within, or if need be outside, the private price-profit system. Demands for stability, especially of employment and of conditions of life, will rise in intensity. We shall want as much competition as we can get. But we shall (and in fact do) want it less than we want some other things. "Planning" thus must contemplate two distinct operations. The first is a forum in which wants or the priority of wants can be democratically determined. The second is the means by which productivity is steered towards satisfaction of these wants.

Dean Rostow has given the subject of planning an excellent kickoff. But the tough game has still to be played.

The Soviet Organization Man

BERTRAM D. WOLFE

THE RED EXECUTIVE, by David Granick. *Doubleday. $4.50.*

The Soviet Union is now in its forty-third year, economically and politically a successful going concern. Gone are the days when Lenin had to argue in favor of entrusting authority to a "single person" in a given factory, gone the days when the typical director was either an underground man or a harassed and suspect manager from czarist times. The great purges disposed of both these types. There has been time for a new generation of Communist engineer-technologists to be trained for management. Though their tenure is more uncertain than that of their American counterparts, they no longer need fear that a failure to meet a production quota or the breakdown of a machine may lead to charges of wrecking, the concentration camp, or perhaps even the firing squad.

Today the "Red executive" is typically a university graduate with an engineering degree. He is specifically trained for a particular industry. He regards himself as both a civil servant and a party servant. He possesses a sense of belonging to and believing in a functioning machine. He is a cog, but a not unimportant one, in that machine—a Soviet version of what is currently called in America "the organization man."

WHO ARE these managers? How are they recruited? How educated? How directed from above? How much authority do they have over the men below them and the things with which they work? What is the little world like in which each manager lives? In what ways do the general imperatives of modern industry everywhere make them like their American counterparts, and how do the special features of the Communist organization of industry make them different from American managers? Such are the problems examined in *The Red Executive.*

Mr. Granick has approached his task with eyes open and mind alert. His equipment includes a knowledge of the management features of American industry. Indeed, the reader will learn as much about American management and managers as about Russian—perhaps more, for the American material used for comparison is more readily available and statistically better analyzed than the fragments of the Russian jigsaw puzzle that the author has so laboriously put together and filled out with informed speculations and conjectures.

To be sure, the concentration on managers and on the common features of modern industry everywhere has its disadvantage: the nightmarish dimension in totalitarian life is almost completely lacking. But the managerial type in Russia is a man of few dreams; he is not one to be struck by the nightmarish quality of the attempt to subjugate totally the private world of each individual and annex it wholly to the aims and uses of party and state.

For besides being an oppressor state, Soviet Russia is a managerial state, the greatest managerial and owner state in all history, and he himself is one of the managers. His authority may be limited by the most complex network of rules and regulations that have ever enveloped a manager, and by a most disturbing system of independent channels of information that by-pass him and inform upon him, but such authority as he does wield is derived from the party and the state. His importance and rewards come from being a manager in that managerial state, whose rules of management and underlying philosophy he by and large accepts.

AS IN AMERICA, where the son of a white-collar worker or of a business or professional man has a much greater chance of becoming a top manager than does the son of a laborer, so it is now in the Soviet Union. Despite the celebrated social mobility in America and the exaltation of workers as "ruling class" in the Soviet Union, the chances of the son of a worker or farmer's

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landing in the ranks of the executives turns out to be just about the same in the two countries. Managers breed managers, a phenomenon that reinforces the trend toward a managerial type.

Soviet managers are now almost exclusively recruited from university graduates, more specifically from engineering schools. In the United States, however, a 1952 study showed that only fifty-seven per cent of American top managers had graduated from college, though the college trend has since then been steadily upward. Only one-quarter of our college-graduate managers have engineering degrees; a far larger number have specialized in business administration; and the sons of American executives tend to go in heavily for the liberal arts. The would-be Soviet manager is likely to be not only an engineer but a narrowly trained one, preparing directly for a specific industry. He gets no theoretical training in human relations; this has to come through his experience in a Communist cell manipulating the rest of the student body and through actual training in assistant foreman and assistant manager posts. State planning begins with his admission to a university (on the basis of superior grades if he is to get a stipend and a chance to pick the best available opening) and with a state decision as to how many "majors" there will be within each department in each college. With admission highly competitive, a student gets in where he can. Thereafter, there is no nonsense about electives and snap courses. When the curriculum is completed, he has to accept the post given him, but the best openings go to the top men in the class.

A Soviet factory director is likely to get five or six times, in some cases as much as ten times, the wage of a skilled worker in his own industry, a spread not dissimilar to that in the United States. But this depends upon his winning bonuses as a result of fulfilling and overfulfilling his production quota each month. He works long hours (so does his American counterpart—longer hours as he gets older and rises higher), has fewer ways of spending his wages, has a home in which he is likely to be cramped, keeps his family down to one or two children, aspires to a *dacha* or summer home, a car, some general culture (he does more general reading and opera- and concertgoing than his American counterpart), spends freely because there is no point in saving and his old age is provided for by a forty per cent pension, and carefully controls his spending to "keep down with the Joneses" in order not to seem too conspicuously well off. However, his real life centers around his factory.

A Soviet director receives a yearly program for his factory which tells him how much he should produce, what his "product mix" should be, how many workers he can hire and how much he should pay them. He receives allocation orders for the material and fuels he needs, and there is little he can buy without these orders. He is permitted to make circumspect suggestions on what he thinks he needs and what he can produce, but his job is to produce the planned output as it comes down to him, or to violate the hypothetical balance of the plan by overfulfilling, never by underfulfilling it. Input and output are stated in physical terms (so many tons of steel to produce so many trucks) and in rubles (to be worth, and to sell at, so and so much). He is expected to reduce costs, get more per capita out of labor, and earn a "profit." He is likely to get a definite directive or plan target for each of these things, too.

Within this elaborate mesh of rules, regulations, and directives, he finds what elbow room he can to maneuver. He can improve his working staff by raiding other plants (forbidden but quite a general practice). If he fails to cut costs or make a profit, it will pass unnoticed providing he succeeds in doing the thing that counts most—fulfilling his production quota in terms of quantity and value of output monthly and annually. He works in a seller's market where almost anything is gobbled up. Not selling, or advertising, or model changes to create obsolescence, as with the American executive, but procurement of materials and fuel is his greatest difficulty. A good procurement man is a blessing; a good salesman is as

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THE REPORTER Puzzle 3

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A. 122 111 83 60 29 157 6

"Time is the nurse and_____of all good." Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen of Verona, III, i.

B. 23 101 25 39 43 49 63 79 123 134 99 36 112 42

Philosophy associated with Beauvoir, Heidegger, et al.

C. 76 136 129 62 34 19 95 138 68 50

"The fair ones feel such maladies as these/ When each new_____gives a new disease." Pope, Rape of the Lock; iv, 38.

D. 141 105 98 89 74 38 32 100

Many celebrate them in June.

E. 152 85 132 20 121 146

The Britannia and the Mayflower.

F. 93 80 59 150

Modern slang for sentimental effusion.

G. 37 54 116 18 66 103 148 65 140

A very important kind of room in a hospital.

H. 124 87 30 114 52 4 118 81 47 107 9

The sacrifice of consistency and principles to policy.

I. 11 125 70 97 21 15 119 155

According to P.C. Wren in Beau Geste, a French Foreign Legion slang term meaning to borrow equipment issued to another.

J. 41 127 109 91 56 27 145 102

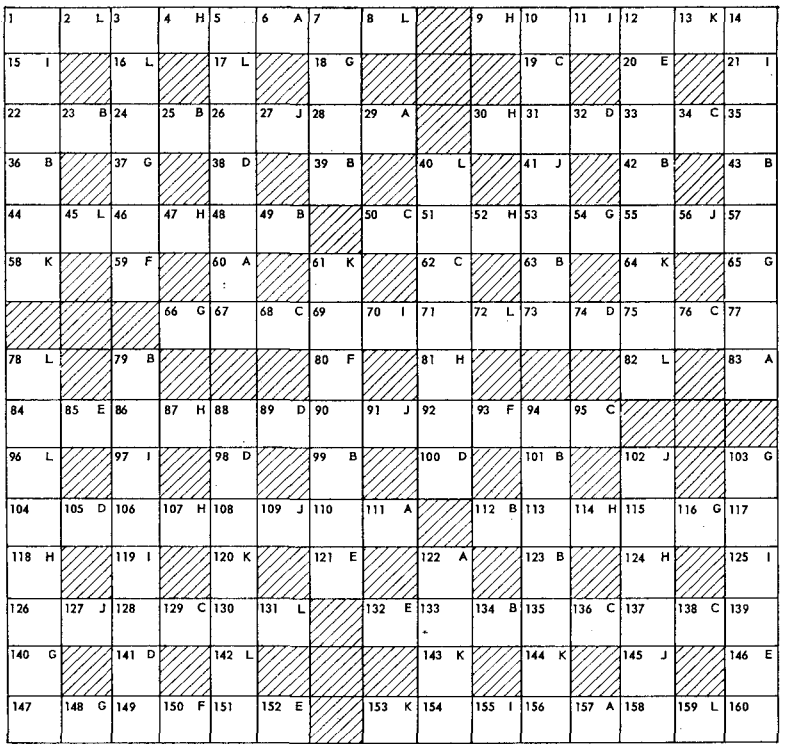
"Irving went home,_____by the king, diplomatized by the university, crowned, and honoured, and admired." Thackeray, Roundabout Papers.

K. 13 153 120 64 58 143 61 144

Kind of test much used by personnel officers in placing new employees.

L. 82 72 159 40 8 17 45 16 2 78 142 96 131

U.S.S. Des Moines, H.M.S. Aurora, and C.S.S. Alabama (5, 8).



ACROSS

1. Coastal region in both the literal sound and sense.
9. Crazy chapeau? Not at all, but crazy chap.
22. Prince Charles, for example, when he became Prince of Wales, or secret it led to.
30. Apparently early friend dined on things under this roof.
44. Come to a river.
50. Philly is famed for what makes one scrape plates without eats.
66. Freud's come free, but most charge a fee.
84. Garbage crept around this symbol seen in The Birth of a Nation (6,6).
104. Pariah from a sort of side tour.
112. Life bearing cells and a hundred lost in the process.
126. Those opposed in Houyhnhnms' parliament?
132. The instrument that made the Acrostician famous?
147. Why the GI in WWI filled two French boxcars.
153. Before in short and verse later is to save for later.

DOWN

1. Rail at the rope.
3. Coaches a witness, teaches a child.
5. Parts of sonnets go from sea to sea musically.
7. Measures of 119.6 sq. yds. in linear estimates.
10. Data about men firmly fixed as the Acrostician is about his art.
12. Takes first place in French mushroom contest.
14. Shortly before all wound up makes for hypocrisy.
40. Such painful feelings sound like a king's.
61. Shakespearean men's wear found literally in middle of 79 down.
78. Modern slang for cadge is not rowdy, younger crowds.
79. Aren't they posting in this kind of race?
88. "The It Girl" for Clara; "The Body" for Marie.
94. Ends for one peer in six.
102. May be a bumblebee, but certain congressmen have been so described.
103. Set in set or set about shows two sets but one disease bearer.
122. Was Mr. Ives thus out of focus as Big Daddy?

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naught. From month to month, as a rule, he manages to make his quota by neglecting repairs, scanting on quality, downgrading the product mix, overlooking loose piecework standards, neglecting safety, "storming" (speeding up) in the last ten days of each month, and violating as many as he safely can of the network of rules that enclose him.

The plan is law, and all the directives and rules are law, but if he observes them and fails to make his quotas, he has failed. If he breaks them, and all managers do, he is a lawbreaker, but the law blinks like a pleased cat provided he fulfills and overfulfills his quota. Within fairly wide limits it does not matter how he has done it. Having done it, he gets a bonus as a reward.

According to Karl Marx, the piecework system "takes the place of the slave driver's whip," but as Mr. Granick demonstrates by time and job analysis, both the workers on the incentive system in American industry and the incentive-system worker in the Soviet Union have managed to prove Marx wrong. The Soviet managers have discovered that they have a better chance of making their quotas by not turning the piecework screws too tight, and the managers themselves are on piecework bonus systems.

MANY OTHER peculiar features of the Soviet managerial system come in for treatment: why two or more workers are required to do the work of one American worker; why American maintenance forces run between two and five per cent while those in a Soviet factory range from fifteen to twenty-five per cent; why maintenance and inspection and many forms of reporting are kept independent of the factory manager; why a Russian manager must as a rule do his repairs inside the factory and make his own small parts, even to nuts and bolts.

In a few places, *The Red Executive* seems to me open to criticism. Mr. Granick assumes, as do too many writers on the Soviet system, by *a priori* reasoning backed by one overworked example of open-hearth furnaces, that innovations spread faster in the Soviet Union than in American industry. But his own book is full of evidence that obsolete machines are worked to death, that labor is cheap and new machinery dear, and that innovations spread more slowly in all but high-priority industries connected with the power of the state and the making of war.

It also seems to me that he overestimates the extent to which the Presidium is a forum for the managers and underestimates the extent to which it is dominated and its final decisions made by one man.

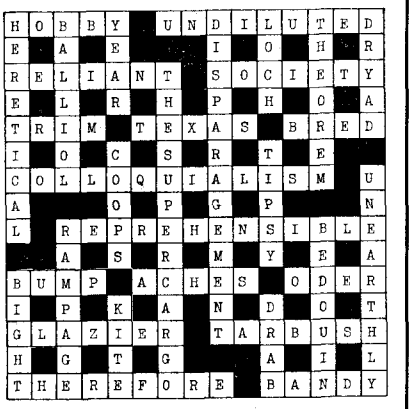
As is common with Soviet expertise, Mr. Granick almost never stops to ask how much of a given phenomenon is Soviet and how much Russian. Thus he attributes the penchant for large factories exclusively to Soviet causes, but gigantism in industrial enterprise was a characteristic of Russian industrialization under the czars as well, and therefore some longer-range causes are at work.

THESE CRITICISMS are minor. The book is throughout a first-rate job. I want especially to recommend to the attention of all who deal with the Soviet Union Mr. Granick's concluding nine pages on the "managerial class." There he disposes, briefly but convincingly, of a favorite illusion of wishful thinkers to the effect that managers in the Soviet Union constitute a separate class distinct from party officials, and that they—or for that matter the managers of the United States—have a "specifically business ideology" in foreign affairs or an interest in the moderation of totalitarian rule at home, and that "when the dust settles" they will be on top and easy to get along with. Mr. Granick's concluding section and his whole book demonstrate that the party official is primarily an administrator, while the administrator is genuinely a party man. Despite specialization, they move easily from one category to the other. On the lower levels neither the one nor the other is greatly interested in world revolution or foreign affairs or Marxian theory. At the top of the pyramid, with no checks on the flow of power to the top, are the heads of a managerial and ownership state wielding total power with an ideology that regards itself and its successive interpreters as infallible and destined to spread to the ends of the earth.

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #2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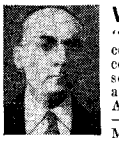

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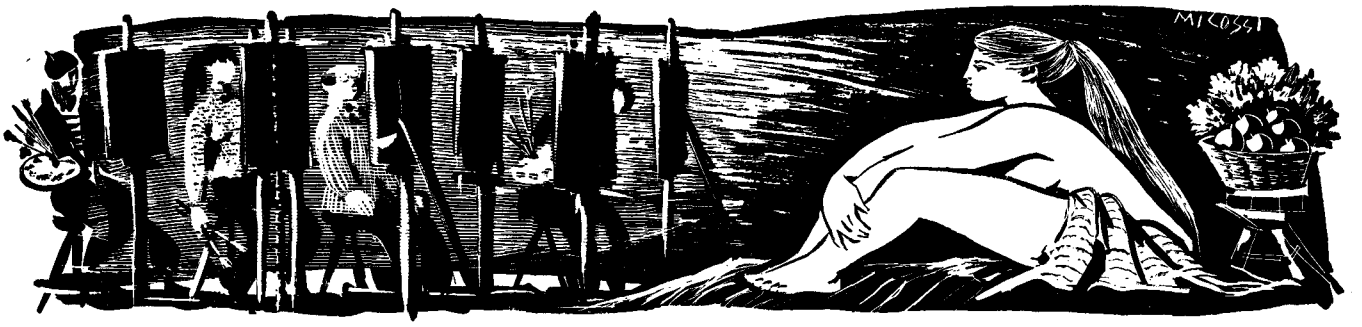

Father Rexroth and the Beats

ALFRED KAZIN

BIRD IN THE BUSH: OBVIOUS ESSAYS, by Kenneth Rexroth. *New Directions. $3.75.* (Paperback, $1.55.)

When the young beatniks or literary hipsters became news in San Francisco a few years ago, an older poet and critic, Kenneth Rexroth, seemed to appear everywhere at their side like the shade of Virgil guiding Dante through the underworld. Rexroth, who had lived in San Francisco since the 1920's and had from early youth been connected with almost every "advanced" literary-radical-Bohemian movement, from the Wobblies and the John Reed Clubs to the objectivist movement in poetry and abstractionism in painting, suddenly became a public figure. He was an originator of the jazz-poetry readings and an extremely effective reader and teacher of poetry on the San Francisco radio. The enthusiasm of the hipsters for orphic art and poetry unfortunately went hand in hand with a professionally exploited ignorance. Rexroth, who had grown up in bitterest poverty and had never completed his high-school course, had the fanatical learning of the self-educated. He published translations from Chinese, Japanese, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French; he spoke as an authority on jazz and painting as well as on poetry. There was no subject within the range of interest of the new writers on which he disclaimed being an authority, yet by temperament he was a firebrand, a come-outer, a hundred per cent radical-anarchist—no compromiser with what he always called "the social lie."

In an essay for the now defunct *New World Writing* called "Disengagement: The Art of the Beat Generation," Rexroth made out an extremely interesting case for Jack Kerouac before *On the Road* was published, and attributed the recent deaths of Dylan Thomas and Charlie "Bird" Parker, the great Negro saxophonist, to a social order so murderous and corrupt that the only possible recourse for the new writers had now to be "disaffiliation," absolute refusal to work "within the context of this society." This essay, though written in a loud and showy style that did not inspire the reader's trust, nevertheless seemed to me the valuable testament on the Eisenhower years of a veteran American radical who identified himself with all the old robust traditions of native protest. Although there was something about Rexroth's essay that suggested a man looking for a weapon, I recognized in his mordant comments on professor-writers and the decadence of big-city intellectuals a real old-fashioned American sorehead of the type of the old Populists screaming against the moneyed East. And I welcomed this not only because I prefer radicals—people who want to transform society—to the beatniks playing at poverty and drugs and looking for a "thrill," but also because Rexroth's smoldering violence against every surface of the American Establishment, his choked-up bitterness, made him, by the sheer momentum of his tendency to exaggeration, a humorist. Rexroth's unforgettable elegy on the death of Dylan Thomas (*"You killed him, Oppenheimer the Million-Killer,/You killed him, Einstein the Gray Eminence. . . ."*) is in its sheer uncontrol one of the funniest as well as one of the angriest poems of our time. It takes a really unusual writer today to say a good word for science, but the usual romantic claptrap about science as the enemy reached in Rexroth's poem the positive pinnacle of outrage. Groucho Marx screaming "I'd horsewhip you if I had a horse!" is really not much funnier than Kenneth Rexroth screaming in one poem against Henry Luce, *Mademoiselle,* T. S. Eliot, the Statue of Liberty, the liberal weeklies, the cocktail habit, Brooks Brothers, and the university quarterlies—*"the vaticides/Crawled off with his bowels to their classrooms and quarterlies."* Those two clever night-club mimics, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, were right to parody Rexroth's poem as fashionable apocalyptic radicalism, and before long Rexroth was himself appearing in new Bohemian joints like the Five Spot Café in New York's Cooper Square.

ALAS, "Disengagement: The Art of the Beat Generation" is not in this new book of Rexroth's essays. The reason, it seems, is that the beatniks, whom Rexroth seemed to be introducing and explaining to the American public, have became too ridiculous and disgusting to take seriously. "I will not take those would-be allies which Madison Avenue has carefully manufactured and is now trying to foist on me. . . . The Beat Generation may once have been human beings—today they are simply comical bogies conjured up by the Luce Publications . . . the trained monkeys, the clowning helots of the Enemy. They came to us late, from the slums of Greenwich Village, and they departed early, for the salons of millionairesses." (This is a fair specimen of Rexroth's usual moderateness of tone; I forget which Frenchman it was who wrote *"La vérité est dans la nuance,"* but he couldn't have dis-

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covered this from reading Rexroth. Rexroth writes even critical prose in the style of *New Masses* covers of the 1930's: slashing black-and-white, drawn with a knife. Down with the enemy! Down with "corn-fed metaphysicals" and "country gentlemen"! Down with "subway Neanderthals"! Down and down and damn and damn!)

IT IS A FACT, however, that the beat writers whom Rexroth once heralded have now become rather famous in their own right, and it is striking that his appreciations in this book are devoted largely to established figures like D. H. Lawrence and Samuel Beckett, Henry Miller and Martin Buber and Yeats—plus the painters Morris Graves and Mark Tobey and J. M. W. Turner. But the bitter phrase in Rexroth's preface, "They came to us late," reveals the deep prejudice of a writer over fifty that there is an old radical-avant garde tradition that the beatniks do not represent. This affirmation of "us"—what Rexroth and so many other ex-radicals fondly used to call "the movement"—is curious. Rexroth is a writer who will never make his peace with "the system," with what he unchangeably calls "the social lie." He is so natural a romantic anarchist that a literary historian in the future could decipher all the secondary characteristics of today's romanticism from Rexroth's writings alone. He has the ingrained bitterness of those who have grown up in poverty, who have had to educate themselves in public libraries, who are constantly enraged by the attempt of university "new critics" to divorce literature from life, by the attempt of our leading statesmen, with their pseudo-moral imbecilities, to evade the unsettling future. The best of his poems breathe an insatiable nostalgia for the insurgency of American literature before the First World War, for the moral freedom of the 1920's, for the early 1930's, when many an honest writer still thought that he could work with the Communists. His book is in part the intellectual autobiography of a whole generation of American writers born around 1905—and more particularly of Western writers, writers attached to the Wobblies and the ideal of the free "working stiff," writers who to their own minds in-

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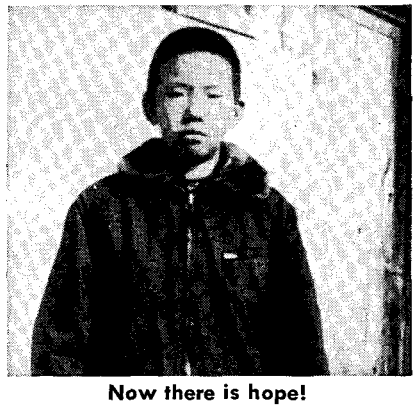

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shack and told Chung San Kim that he had a sponsor . . . a kind person who wished to help children in need. His sponsor was Mrs. Sonia Busch of Millbrook, N. Y. in the United States of America.

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carnate the manly democratic West against the wealthy decadent East.

However, Rexroth's belief that his experience constitutes the norm of American insurgency and literary radicalism, and that younger writers are to be regarded as "the trained monkeys, the clowning helots of the Enemy," is as trying as anybody else's nostalgia for the good old days. This country no longer attaches any spiritual value to poverty, and Rexroth's dear old "innocent Jewish mechanics and Italian peasants" are as bourgeois as the rest of us. When Rexroth proudly insists that unlike those who have sold out, "Life with us goes on just the same," he is talking through his hat. His book, though full of nostalgia for the radical past, has no radical content whatever. Rexroth is no longer interested in society, just in obtaining the largest possible freedom from it. He has nothing interesting to say about contemporary society, he merely denounces it: "The contemporary situation is like a long-standing, fatal disease. It is impossible to recall what life was like without it. We seem always to have had cancer of the heart. . . . The first twenty-five years of the century were the years of revolutionary hope. . . Now the darkness is absolute. . . We have come to the generation of revolutionary hopelessness. Men throw themselves under the wheels of the monsters, Russia and America, out of despair, for identical reasons. . . . Writing this, sitting at my typewriter, looking out the window, I find it hard to comprehend why every human being doesn't run screaming into the streets of all the cities of the world this instant."

NONE OF THIS is very enlightening about anything, and I suspect that what bothers Rexroth is not the despair but the gluttony and selfish ease, which cannot but enrage the man who has had to fight his way up with laborious suffering. One of Rexroth's very best insights in this book is into the capitalist psychology of Rimbaud—so often cited by Rexroth's friend Henry Miller as the rebel incarnate, but as Rexroth says, the very type of the entrepreneur, and never so happy as when he openly played the part. One can discount Rexroth's inverse snobbery about American neuroses being "actually, by and large, palpitations of behavior due to unsatisfied bourgeois appetites and lack of life aim." But he is in the path of truth when he says: "It is possible to mistake a demoralized craving for Cadillacs for 'revolt.' . . . Genuine revolt goes with an all-too-definite life aim—hardly with the lack of it." However, it must be admitted that while Rexroth as a critic always tries to stir up the Philistines, to agitate and to unsettle, he is actually not very interesting. He is a terrible show-off of his own learning, and though he calls himself a literary journalist in the tradition of Huneker, Mencken, and Wilson, he seeks to impress rather than to persuade. He is an impressionist of art, of all the arts, rather than a critic, and there is a certain solemn rapture about his attempts to put jazz and painting into words. But it is typical of Rexroth's lack of objective concern with ideas that although he profoundly admires Martin Buber, he thinks Buber sadly amiss in sticking to Judaism. "It is pitiful to watch a man of Buber's intelligence and goodness struggling in the toils of an outworn and abandoned social paranoia. . . . Why do people bother? If they must have a religion, the basic texts of Taoism, Buddhism, Confucianism need no such reworking."

A DILETTANTE is someone who thinks that he can pick and choose from the world's arts and religions as if they were a department store. Again and again Rexroth betrays his fatherly place in the beat movement by his glibness of cultural allusion, by his admiration for sensation and violence, by his belief, so typical of all the culturally frivolous, that the Orient has transcended the intellectual torment of the West. A dilettante is a man who uses his anger to entertain society, not to change it. "I began to realize I was back in America, a place I try to keep away from." A dilettante is a man who writes that all the scientists in the universities are "genocidists," that "the practice of literature today is the practice of acquiescence," and that religion, any religion, may serve to stimulate the writer's imagination but should not involve tiresome considerations about God.

Mr. Rexroth is a dilettante. Mr. Rexroth, when all is said and done, is a beatnik himself. Let who will write the nation's laws, he says, so long as *he* continues to scorn them.

English from Top to Toe

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

QUEEN MARY: 1867-1953, by James Pope-Hennessy. Illustrated. *Knopf. $10.*

Princess Mary Adelaide, cousin to Queen Victoria, was, for one reason only, difficult to marry off: she was prodigiously fat. "Fat Mary," Londoners called her, but whenever they caught sight of her, out shopping or driving from one innocent Victorian dinner party to another, they cheered her, for she was likable, amusing, alert, and a spendthrift. Every German principality was explored for a suitor. One after another the suitors looked upon her and departed. Lord Clarendon cruelly reported that no German prince would venture on "so vast an undertaking." Finally Prince Teck arrived on the scene. He suffered from a morganatic taint, he was extremely handsome, he was penniless, and his proposal of marriage was accepted.

These were "Princess May's" parents. She dearly loved them, although at times they were embarrassing: the mother because she ran up such a debt that the family was packed off to Italy, where it was vainly hoped that the Tecks would find it possible to economize; the father because neither Queen Victoria nor her ministers could think of any suitable occupation for him. Like his grandson, the Duke of Windsor, who also reached a point where he had nothing to do, the Duke of Teck resorted to gardening.

During Princess May's youth, the family traveled a great deal in Germany, visiting innumerable relatives who can best be identified in the genealogical tables Mr. Pope-Hennessy conveniently supplies. Her

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aunt Princess Augusta Caroline, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, lived at Rumpenheim. Here one may pursue for a moment one of the pleasant excursions furnished by the author: "The Schloss . . . was white. The door and window surrounds were in pink brick. The shutters were green. . . . On summer days this white façade would be reflected in the glassy surface of the Main, so that from Hanau, or crossing over in the ferry, you saw the whole of Rumpenheim mirrored in the wide, tranquil water, upside down. . . . Rumpenheim was the object and the centre of a family cult."

Such descriptive passages, in which Mr. Pope-Hennessy excels, are not in this book simply for decorative purposes; they cast light on certain characteristics of the British royal family in the nineteenth century. Everyone knows that the family was German, and everyone knows that even those members who could hardly speak English, such as Princess May's grandmother, the Duchess of Cambridge, felt intensely British. "I certainly do *not* like Germany," wrote Princess May in 1892. "Thank God I belong to a great Nation." It is an error to suppose, however, that this Englishness resulted from a gradual evolution, a breaking away from the family's origins, some kind of renunciation and dismissal. The fact is that the members of this German family never thought of Germany as we in the twentieth century have been forced to think of it—as a highly self-conscious nation. The image of Germany that the British royal family treasured, and in which they saw nothing that conflicted with the deepest attachment to Britain, reflected not a nation but a multiplicity of small kingdoms and principalities belonging—as if they were country houses—in the family. Uncle So-and-So ruled over such and such an estate and when his son married a landowner's daughter and inherited another, then his duty and interest were centered in his new home. Some members of the family might be greedy; there might be quarrels; but the time for conquest, the time for founding new kingdoms, was past—or so they thought until Russia ended their world—and all that the family desired was to preserve the old houses; there was no cause for divided loyalties. Prince Teck could follow the other German princes and princesses to England and be English; this did not mean leaving the family; he was simply moving, as the others had before him, into another family house.

An old lady ruled that house, attentive to every detail. Queen Victoria knew everything about everybody: in due course she became aware that Princess May was a girl with "character." She knew that her grandson "Eddy" (Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale) was a sweet boy with no character at all. Since he was next in line for the throne after his father, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales—the one Max Beerbohm showed standing face to the wall on one of his dreadful visits to Windsor—she felt something must be done. Thus it happened that Princess May wrote in her diary for December 3, 1891: "To my great surprise Eddy proposed to me during the evening in Mme. de Falbe's boudoir—of course I said yes—we are both very happy—Kept it secret from everybody but Mama and Papa." The wedding day was set for the following February, but on January 14 poor simple-minded "Eddy" died. One year and four months later "Aunt Queen" arranged for his brother "Georgie" to propose: again Princess May said yes.

That "Yes," that "of course I said yes," as the author observes, shows another profoundly important characteristic of this family: its availability for service, its attachment to duty. Princess May, Mr. Pope-Hennessy writes, "had been reared to venerate the throne, and to recognize that the first duty of any English Prince or Princess was to help support it and add to its lustre. Character, tradition, and a sense of duty all combined to enforce her decision."

Queen Mary first saw *Hamlet* played at the age of seventy-seven; she first read Tolstoi and Dostoievsky when over eighty. Neither in Germany nor in Britain did the "family" make any pretense of intellectuality. But she stood up to two wars and to private grief without ever failing in kindness or dignity. Her story could not be better told than it is in this book.

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at what look like prewar prices—and where no one ever heard of nerves or worries

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- Resort villages where visitors come by the score, so you always meet new people . . . but they never come by the thousands to raise prices or crowd you out.
- That remarkable town where a fee of 3c a day gives you an almost endless round of barbecues, musicals, concerts, picnics, pot luck suppers, smorgasbord dinners and a fine arts program. That southern island first discovered by millionaires who had all the world to roam in . . . and now their hideaways are open to anyone who knows where to find them.

You read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side. Here are the real U. S. A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. **They're all in the United States and Canada, and for good measure you also read about low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.**

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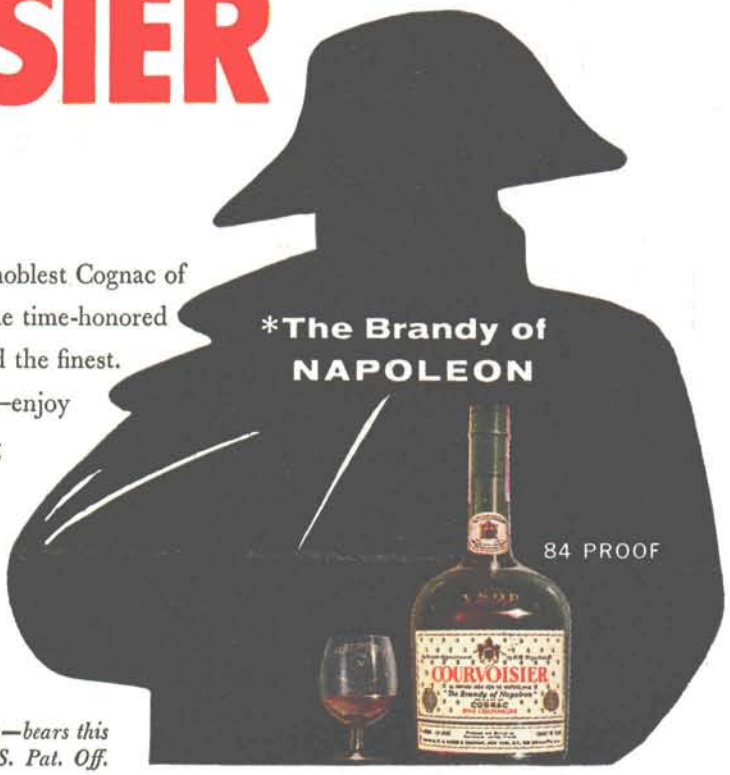

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